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Poetry.

BOYHOOD'S SUMMER.

MRS. LUCY C. MITCHELL.

Beyond the river and near the road,
Mossy and brown the homestead stood,

Quite guiltless of architectural plan,
But a haven of rest for boy or man.

Wide and roomy, designed for ease,
And shaded by grand old sheltering trees—

Some graceful larches, two poplars tall,
A balm-of-gilead near the wall,

With one old pine, whose life was saved
Because its roots the runlet laved,

Just where its shadow cooled the brink,
At the only place we boys could drink.

Here, lying flat, we sprawled like eels,
To quench our thirst and cool our heels.

Then, over the slope, through the orchard gate,
Where August sweetings and harvests wait.

How I wring the heart when I disobeyed,
Of the sweetest mother that e'er God made;

And how I loved her I never knew,
Till near the silent land she drew,

And her radiant soul in her eyes that shone,
Had caught new light from heaven's high throne.

O boyhood's summer! O vanished years!
My eyes are dry, but my heart's in tears;

For the lines of life, where'er they fall,
Will never again cross the orchard wall,

Or lead my feet to the open door
Where the moonlight falls on the old porch floor,

And my mother sweet, with a shaded light,
Is waiting to say to her boy "good night."

O tender mother, long gone from me,
Thy sainted life shall my gospel be;

Thy memory dear, till life departs,
Enshrined shall be in my heart of hearts.

In all life's pleasures, and all its joy,
There's no happier thing than a happy boy.
—*Boston Transcript.*

HE DIDN'T QUITE MEAN IT.

WM. H. HILLS.

We stood together on the cliff
High up above the sea,
And, trying to determine if
She really cared for me,

I whispered low: "I love you, dear,
Far better than my life!
And now I swear I'll leap from here
Unless you'll be my wife!"

She started, and a sweet, sly blush
Suffused her modest face.
The winds and waves grew still; a hush
Prevailed about the place.

Then, as the blood surged through my heart
Till I could hear it thump,
She stepped a step or more apart,
And asked, "Why don't you jump?"

Our Story Teller.

"PIKEY."

I had the story from Moroni himself—Cesario Bartolommeo del Moroni, as he writes himself now and then—the "Moroni" of London, Paris and New York.

He is a great man now. Kings, princes and potentates; celebrities, native and foreign; actors, Cabinet Ministers and pretty women are getting themselves photographed in his smart studios every day of the week; but when I first knew him he was but a journeyman at an Islington artist's, and spelled his name with a "y," as did the Irish kings, his forefathers, before him.

We met at Daisycliffe, where we had the hotel to ourselves. It was long past the season for visitors. We drifted into companionship, dined together in the coffee-room each evening, and smoked our morning pipes pacing the spray-swept, shingle-strewn Parade in dual solitude.

"I like the place," Moroni said. "I've reason to. My first professional success was achieved here, in that very spot," and he stopped to contemplate a piece of waste ground which a board indicated as the site of "Daisycliffe Mansions West."

"There was a row of fishermen's huts hereabouts," he went on. "The hotel was built, but shut up, bankrupt. Five shops in the high street. Two trains to London a day—fare 1 ft. 6, third class."

"But what ever brought you here?" I interrupted.

"Vanity, sir; vanity, and impatience of servitude, and a desire to be my own master. I had a good situation in London, but I did not pull well with the principal and I wanted to start for myself. Also, I was abominably taken in by my wife's brother —a plausible, levable, mendacious young scamp. He had a business down here, however he came by it, and he actually persuaded me to take it off his hands in lieu of some money which should have come to Teresita on her father's death. It was too far for previous inquiries. He showed us his accounts—pure works of fiction as every line of them—and photographs of the place almost as delusive—one of the Parade crowded with well-dressed promenades—that was taken on a Sunday—the whole population come home from church this way; one of the big hotel—carriages standing outside, waiters on the steps, company at the windows —that was done the day the directors held their winding-up meeting there—the only visitors it had seen for six months; views of Belminster, the cathedral town, with its great Northwestern race meetings—only distant half an hour by train, that never stopped at Daisycliffe in those days—Cliffe Castle, the seat of Lord Sandbar, adjoining the town. Well, you shall hear what that came to presently. We looked at the pictures, believed in his descriptions, closed the bargain, and walked into Daisycliffe one lovely evening in early autumn, Teresita carrying the bambino, and I wheeling all our worldly goods on a truck from the station.

"The studio looked promising. It was a cottage enlarged with plenty of plate glass and black and gold decoration about it. It looked on the Parade, and the Parade looked—much as it does now. We went up and down pocketing. A knot of fishermen lounging round a capstan at one end; at the other a young lady immersed in study. The hotel was shuttered up. All the weedy little row of lodging houses had blinds down and dingy bills stuck in every window. I went up to the town. A few out-at-elbows-looking tradesfolk, lounging idly at their doors, eyed me as I passed with unfriendly curiosity—all except the landlord of the "Blue Lion" public, who was friendly and invited me to come up that evening to a social gathering in the tap-room. I pocketed my pride and a dozen elegant gold-lettered cards of terms for distribution, and went.

"Such a low-spirited, hopeless lot I met there!

"All the talk was of bad debts, long credit, shortness and poorness of the season's business, and the iniquities of the railway company, which seemed to have laid itself out to ruin the unlucky little town.

"I mentioned Castle Cliffs by way of turning the conversation, and asked if Lord Sanbar did nothing for the place? 'Sandbar? Oh, Lord? Do anything for the place? Sandbar? You may well say Sandbar. Ah, just so, Sandbar—Sandbar.'

"Not very full of explanatory, but as pregnant with dark meaning, as if it had been a chorus of virtuous villagers in an opera expounding the iniquities of the wicked baron. Not that Lord Sandbar was wicked. On the contrary. He was the result of careful bringing up by his mother and step-father—a popular preacher. His sins, if any, were purely of omission. He keep house like a nobleman and make it the custom worth having? Not he! Visitors from London and shooting parties? Sunday school-teachers and missionaries out for a holiday—that was about his sort. Does he hunt? No. Yacht? No. Entertain or do anything like a gentleman? Not a bit of it. What does he do for Daisycliffe? Can't say, unless it's to shut up all the footpaths round the castle and stop the Foresters' fete being held in the park. Is he married? No, nor likely. Won't let a woman come near him, married or single. It's as much as the housekeeper's place is worth to let one set foot in the castle. They do say as he goes about with a loaded pistol in his pocket, and would let fly at as soon as look at her if he caught one crossing the park—and so on for half an hour. That was my first experience of Daisycliffe."

"I don't seem to see where the professional success comes in," I said."

"I didn't, I can tell you. I took 5 shillings in the first week, one and sixpence in the second. The third we were left to ourselves. The fishermen at last gave up the joke of hustling one another in with the request to me to 'Take him handsome for his young woman.' Even the small boy population got tired of us, and left our window unsmeared by inquisitive noses. Then I tramped over to Belminster to see if I could raise enough on some of our possessions to take us back to die—if starve we must—in London.

"I found Belminster a ferment with the stir and excitement of the race week. No murmur of it had drifted over to us. The flag waved over Cliffe Castle, showing that some of the family were there; also, the short-cut across the park was boarded up, and I had an extra mile and a half of road to tramp. That was all the Earl's coming had done for Daisycliffe.

"I reached home dog-tired and utterly cast down. Teresita met me with a smile and a good dinner. She was never disheartened in the worst of times. She could make merry over a crust, sing and cuddle the baby, and invent excuses for the young swindler Tonino just as if we hadn't changed our last gold coin. I listened goomily to her and answered sharply, till assuden, unfamiliar sound silenced us both. The studio bell!

"We were in the little outer office in a minute. A figure stood there with its back to us, contemplating the photographs in a case on the wall—a small figure, a dingy figure, a figure in a bell-crowned felt hat, perched on a shock head of hair, surmounting a suit of ragged velveteen, terminating in a lace-up man's boot and a trodden-out highlow—a boy, and a boy with 'tramp' and 'gypsy' written on every inch of him.

"I stirred in upon him wrathfully. 'What are you doing here?' I demanded.

"Nowise abashed, he turned and faced me. 'Did you make all these?" he asked. 'Will you please make a picture of me?'

"I stood fairly transfixed at the audacity of the imp. He was a slight slip of a lad—perhaps 12 or 13 years old, with a small, childish face, as brown as a nut. He had shawl in his hat off as he spoke, and his hair fell over his eyes in elf-locks black as a coal. A red handkerchief was twisted round his slender brown throat, and he had stuck a sprig of honeysuckle in his buttonhole. He carried a blackthorn stick, and I noticed he leaned upon it and walked with a limp. I took all this in—instinctively, I suppose, for of my first look at him I remember nothing but his eyes.

"They were cast down when he first addressed me, but as he spoke up swept the heavy black lashes and out flashed from under the shadow of his elf-locks two great dazzling gray stars A positive shock seemed to pass through me in that second —an odd, unaccountable thrill, such as no boy's eyes ever caused in this world before. Perhaps it was only the startling incongruity of those clear light-glancing irises with the coal-black brows and swarthy skin. I couldn't resist provoking another look.

"'Come, get out of this. What made you think of coming here?' The long lashes quivered, but never lifted. He stood fumbling in the bosom of his dingy waistcoat, and dragged out a crumpled piece of paper, folded and refolded into a wad. Then came the look I had been waiting for—the sudden flash of gray lightning from under the cloudy brows.

"'A begging letter, eh?' But I took it and unfolded it very slowly, watching the boy's face as I did so. It was a clever face, square-chinned, with a resolute, delicate mouth and impudent, upturned nose. When he saw that I meant to read the letter a grim delight seized him. All his gleaming teeth, and he nodded to himself, as if he considered his business settled. Here's the letter. You can see for yourself."

Moroni searched in his pocket-book and found it.

MY DEAR JAKE:—Although no friend, as you are aware, to tramps and pikeys such as yourself, yet I must say I always found you steady and well-meaning, Jake, and certainly not a thief. In the matter of Mr. Blissett's sick cow, which is why, as a friend, I would not wish you to hear unprepared that your poor mother, coming home from hopping, was knocked down by a farm cart, Jim Davis driving and not as sober as he might have been, and was taken for dead to the county hospital, where now she lies, as I saw with my own eyes last visitor's day, kept as comfortable as if she were a lady, but almost out of her mind with fretting after you, which is naturally very trying to all about her. 'I want Jake; just a sight of Jake,' she goes on continually, and keeps your old red handerchief under her pillow and talks to it like a Christian. Now, Jake, I always liked you, and would never hear but that there are two sides to a story, even when it is one's own fat Michaelmas goose. There were other pikeys about besides yourself, Jake, and I don't think you would go to harm your friends, so do, like a good boy, come back at once, and give the poor soul some comfort, if it's but to hear hear. Your friend as you behave,

LOUISA BLISSETT.

"I read this aloud to Teresita, who came in with our boy in her arms.

"'Why don't you go? At once!' she cried.

"'The boy hung his head and faltered out a long explanation. Michael had brought him there—to Belminster. Michael was one of their tribe. They had a horse to sell, and nobody but he, Jack, could manage it. It was a point of honor to stay.

"'But they told me—that you could do my picture—as like as life—and I could send it by one of our people.'

"'How do you mean to pay for it?'

"'When the horse is sold,' he began, eagerly.

"'Thank you, my good boy, but I don't work on credit.'

"'Ah, the poor child!' Teresita broke in. 'Think, Cesarino mio, it is for his mother. We are poor, dreadfully poor, but we can help him, and the Holy Mother above will not let us be the poorer.'

"If Teresita had set her heart upon it that was quite sufficient without the interposition of the saints. 'Come this way,' I said, not too cordially. But the lad stood staring stupidly and shame-facedly. "Don't you want it, after all?'

"Then he made a sudden dash at Teresita and kissed her hand. 'You are a good, good woman,' he cried with a choked voice, 'and shall not be robbed by me. I will pay you. I swear by heaven—*per me nullos dadus!*' Then followed me.

"There were the usual stock properties about, among others a low rustic paling. I was studying how to pose him when he spied this, dragged it forward, and had kicked off his two unmatched, mud-weighted boots, and had sprung aside of the top rail in an instant, his slender brown feet lightly twisted together, his old cap, full of hazel twigs and nuts, between his knees—as perfect a picture as I could have wished to make. His spirits went up and his eyes danced; he began to whistle and sing snatches of sons and make grimaces at the baby, who gaped at him open-mouthed over Teresita's shoulder. Yet he could be still. It was a marvel to me how, but there I had the quaint, roguish smile and flashing upward glance crystallized under my fingers at will. I became fascinated with my work, and took negative after negative. The light was strong and clear, and I promised to print him a proof before he left. He would not trust to sending it —wouldn't tell me where to find him in Belminster, or the name of the hospital where his mother was. Then while I was preparing a plate he began to sing. I couldn't understand a word of the song, but it made me feel like crying, till he gave a whistle and stamp, and, snapping his fingers, he started off into a dance with a chorus that set Teresita clapping her hands and capering, and the baby jumping and crowing with ecstasy. Before he left he had confided to us the whole story of the missing Michaelmas goose with such wonderful mimicry of speech and action that even now I can imagine I saw the whole proceeding. The pert gypsy woach, with a bundle of grass and weeds under her elbow instead of a baby, hovering around the blacksmith's goose pen with a basket of small wares; the blacksmith's facet ousness over the choice of a neckerchief and breastpin and clumsy attempts at gallantry; the excitement of the instant when his back was turned and with one artful grasp and twirl the fattest of the flock was seized and gasped his last, done up in the baby's red shawl. He acted it all—the muzzy, beery, amorous smith, the coquettish, wicked-eyed young gypsy, and the dying flap and flutter of the victim. How we laughed! while I secretly determined to make sure that the watch was safe in my pocket and the drops in Teresita's ears before I showed our fascinating young friend off the premises.

"It was dusk when he bade us good-by and departed, the photograph tenderly wrapped in the red rag from his neck.

"'I will come again in *dui—trii—Mtar diebus*—in four days more, at this hour, and I will pay you.'

"'If he does not the Holy Mother will,' said Teresita with conviction.

"I am afraid I had not Teresita's faith in either one or the other, miserable sinner that I was. We closed for the night, and I was moodily clearing the studio of the litter of cracked nuts, muddy footmarks, and a stray brass button when a knock at the door shook our house to its foundations.

"A man in the Sandbar livery was unsteadily holding on to the door handle. He brought a note which ought to have reached me an hour before. Lord Sandbar would be happy to see me at the castle tomorrow. He wished for some instruction and assistance in photography, and also desired to have some views of Cliffe and the castle ruins. The terms offered were princely. How Teresita exulted!

"'I was at the castle early next day. It is splendid ivy-grown old pile, half in crumbling ruins, the other half dark and scowling, with fortifications, turret and battlement, drawbridge and portcullis—the very home for grim-visaged, man-hating recluse that I somehow expected to find; or, if not, then a Byronic youth with a haughty mein and a Woe stamped on his passion-furrowed brow. Lord Sandbar was neither. Only a great solemn, awkward lout, with broad shoulders and a ruddy countenance composed into a priggish sobriety. He was evidently 'serious' and began to exhort me affectionately, like a little tract, before I had finished unpacking my traps. I didn't mind. It was all in the day's work, but it looked as if it hadn't agreed with the other visitor at the castle—a stout, jovial little gentleman with a merry eye and a weather-beaten countenance, whom Lord Sandbar called Maj. Carberry. I found that he was an old friend of Lord Sandbar's father, and had asked for a few days' shooting at Cliffe, and Lord Sandbar, who had come down on business, had staid to entertain him.

"'I think they must have had a bad time together. The earl looked askance at the major as a little dog does at a big one who may take him up and shake him any day; the major eyed the earl with curiosity not unmixed with disgust. 'Good Lord! that should be poor Ralph's son!' I heard him growl in a consternated aside once. Both received me and my camera cordially as a sort of safe neutral subject. The major was, as I knew by report, a distinguished amateur artist, and one whom it was worth my while to cultivate. The earl was anxious to learn. 'Going to make magic lantern slides for his Sunday-school tea parties,' the major explained.

"We worked very harmoniously all day, and I began to get considerably interested in my employer. He was so big, so strong, so full of life and vigor, so incredibly sedate and goody. 'I'm sure the Countess would say'—Mr. Oliphant, my step-father, would not allow'—were phrases continually on his lips, and all his talk was of the doings of his own special little coterie, outside of which was no salvation. He had a great deal to tell about his 'work' in the slums, and the ragamuffin class generally; but it seemed to me to me to consist chiefly in preventing its objects being got at by other folks' 'missions' which didn't happen to match its shade of opinion.

"However, he by degrees he gave up preaching when he found it was not expected from him. The major relieved his mind by shooting all the morning and working with us in the afternoon, and we got along very harmonious. Lord Sandbar used to listen with zest to some of the many marvellous pikey anecdotes. Field sports might have been a passion with him if he had ever been allowed to indulge it. When Maj. Carberry's reminiscences took a social turn it was amusing to watch the good young nobleman's face, pink with apprehension of hearing something naughty. His efforts to suppress a shame-faced guffaw, and the extra primness of his demeanor for the next few minutes.

"'He's been bottled and corked up too long, that young man,' the major confided to me. 'His ideas are fermenting in his head. There'll be an explosion some of these days;' and he nodded ominously. He was a rather unaccountable creature. The little wretch put us all in a hole, but she has apologized very prettily since, and I can't afford to quarrel with a Countess.'

"'A Countess? Pikey? Nancy Bell? Put it a little plainer, that's a good fellow. That Gypsy urchin sat to me at Daisycliffe last autumn—don't I? I'll swear. Now, how did he get on that poster? That's what I want to find out.'

"'Daisycliffe! Why, of course that's where it all happened. Nancy sent me the photograph from there—said she'd been taken in character by the local artist. Never guessed it was you, though. She went there on a quiet and work at her part *Jake*. I'd written it expressly for her, you know. Lord Sandbar's place is close to Daisycliffe, I believe. There you have it. On the day of the first rehearsal, instead of Miss Nancy Bell came wedding cards from the Earl and Countess of Sandbar.'

"I felt the place go round with me; Mountjoy talked on.

"'His people were furious, of course. They thought they had made him so uncommonly safe. In fact, I had met Sandbar once or twice myself before, and, knowing what I did of him, it's a mystery to me to this day how that audacious little hussy got at him.'

"'I could have told, but I held my peace."

His of the Fly.

Not all who have watched the fly poising or darting noiselessly and gracefully in mid-air, or deftly making its toilet, have realized that at one time it was a crawling maggot, as unlike its perfect self as two things well can be. The eggs are about four-hundredths of an inch long, one-fourth as wide and dull white in color. From 80 to 100 are laid at a time, and probably at first they are quite different in appearance from the parent fly, though on this point we have no exact data. Within twenty-four hours in summer they hatch into footless maggots, which become full-fed in less than a week, and descending into the earth, or sheltering under some old board, contract to brown, shining objects, rounded at both ends, and technically known as puparia. Within the darkness of this hardened skin profound changes rapidly take place, and the insect passes through the pupa to the perfect state, and finally, in about five days, the anterior end of the puparium is pushed off, and the fly quickly crawls out. At first its parts are pale and soft, and its wings are crumpled and useless, but these soon expand, and suddenly, without practice or teaching, the newly fledged fly wings it way to your table to mock your displeasure, to share your repast. The length of time required from hatching to purity varies with the season and temperature, but will not exceed ten days in midsummer, while the life of the perfect fly lasts about three weeks at the same season. As cold weather approaches propagation ceases, and the older nies perish. A few of the most vigorous females, however, retreat to some nook or cranny, where, in a state of torpor, they survive till the ensuing season, links 'twixt the summer gone by and to come.—*Christian at Work.*

To Test Your Lungs.

If you fear that your lungs are affected you may settle the question by adopting the following plan: Draw in as much breath as you conveniently can, then count as long as possible in a slow and audible voice without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds must be carefully noted. In a consumptive the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are sound the time will range as high as from 20 to 35 seconds. To expand the lungs, go into the air, stand erect, throw back the head and shoulders, and draw in the air through the nostrils as much as possible. After having thus filled the lungs, raise your arms, still extended, and suck in the air. When you have thus forced the arms backward, with the chest open, change the process by which you draw in your breath till the lungs are emptied. Go through the process several times a day, and it will enlarge the chest, give the lungs better play, and serve very much to ward off consumption.

How It Looked to Dan Lamont.

"What do you think of the flag business, Daniel?" said the President, as the private secretary came into the private office.

"Well, it was—er—er—one of your majesty's slips," was the reply.

"What do you mean by that, Daniel?"

"I mean, sire, that it would have been better if it hadn't happened."

"But what harm has been done, Daniel? hain't I countermanded the order, and haven't we got the flags?"

"Y-e-s-s," said the private secretary, hesitatingly; "but it doesn't seem just as it did before that old fool Drum had an idea. The flags appear to have been divided up by this thing. The old soldiers have got the stars and we've got the stripes!"

"Better go out and see if any one is waiting," said the President.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Her Ticket Matched Her Dress.

First Kansas woman—"Were you at the polis yesterday, Minnie?"

Second Kansas woman—"O, yes, I was out at the dear little polls. Isn't it just too nice to vote?"

"How did you vote?"

"Really, dear, I don't remember."

"Well, you remember that they had two kinds of tickets—white and red."

"O, I remember now. It was the lovely little red ticket that I put on the polls."

"Why, I am surprised. That was the Republican ticket."

"Well, I didn't ask. I saw that the color of the ticket was a delicate red and it exactly matched my dress."—*Nashville American.*

No "Poppy" for Him.

A Montana girl came East and attended a fashionable boarding school for a year. On her return she flew into her father's arm gasping out:

"O papa! How is mamma and—"

The old Montanian retreated until he had backed up against the depot; then he shook one horny finger warningly toward the returned "Sadie" and said:

"Don't you go for to calling 'poppy' and your mam 'mommy,' Sary Jane. We won't hev it! 'Dad' an' 'maw' was good enuff fer ye when ye left home, an' it's good enuff now that you've come home. D'ar that in mind, Sary Jane, an' don't 'poppy' me again, or I'll take a brush to ye!"

A Good Picture of Eva.

The more uneducated negroes show a strange inability to understand what the simplest pictures even are intended to represent, and their interpretations of more complex pictures are strangely ludicrous. In the family of Mr. S. was a negro servant named Aunt Lucy. One day Miss Florence showed her a small picture of Niagara Falls, and asked her what she thought it was. After holding the picture in every possible position Aunt Lucy finally said: "Dat sure am Miss Eva; it sure am." Miss Eva was another daughter of the family. "Is it a good picture of her?" asked Miss Florence. Regarding the picture with a sage air, Aunt Lucy replied: "I tink it favor Miss Eva jus' a bit."—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

Not Hard to Learn.

"I wish I could talk German,"

"Why don't you learn it?"

"Because it is so difficult."

"It's not so difficult as you suppose. Instead of cheese you say kase, and so with the rest of the words."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Charming Episode.

Jack (at the club)—I saw a mighty pretty little country girl this afternoon. She was climbing to the upper deck of a Fifth-avenue stage.

Guy (with interest)—No! Is that so? Plain or striped?

Jack—Striped.

Humor.

BURDETTE'S BUBBLINGS.

HARMONY IN ONE EASY LESSON.

John Sullivan has been offered $5,000 a year to sing bass in a Boston choir. The members of the church say it is a big price to pay for music, but that peace and harmony are worth it.

NO WONDER THEY WERE ASHAMED.

"What did Adam and Eve wear before they put on aprons?" asked the teacher. And after a moment's silence the new boy from Hardacre Crosslots said: "Nothin' but bathin' suits."

ETERNAL FITNESS.

"It is never too late to mend," remarked the pastor, closing his illustration. "Good thing," commented his son. "And why?" asked the parent. "Because the older a man is the more he needs repairs."

JUST BRISTLED WITH 'EM.

"Did you ever make a study of eyes?" asked the doctor, "the wonderful human eyes?" "I should say so," replied the honorable Egomet Isinglass. "I have been a member of Congress for six years and have all my speeches printed. It could nt be done without I's."

SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT.

Grand Army Post, of Philadelphia—"Friend, dost thee swear?"

General Fairchild—"A little when I'm right mad."

Quaker City Post (reluctantly)—"Then thee may cuss me the President 50 cents worth."

THE BUREAU HAS TO BE VERY CAUTIOUS.

"How did you lose you arm, Mr. Centerfire?"

"It was shot away at Cold Harbor."

"Lose your leg at the same time?"

"About two hours later; while they were carrying me back."

"And you are totally blind, too?"

"Yes; shell came into the hospital and exploded right over my cot."

"You must draw a large pension?"

"Well, no; I don't get any pension at all. Papers are all right so far as they go, but I haven't been able to prove yet that if I hadn't gone into the army I would not have died of the cholera, which was mighty bad in our town in 1863."

THE TIDE IS AT THE FLOOD.

Now, my son, there is a fortune for you right here and now. It is the simple invention that pays big always. The sewing machine was invented by a man who simply found out that the eye and the point of a needle should be in the same end. The man who first put a rubber tip on a lead pencil is now worth $950,000?000?000?-000? or about that. All the inventions haven't been invented. Now, do you sit down and invent a fly screen; a simple, quadrilateral fly screen, that will let in light and air and keep out flies, that can be adjusted to take place in the window without taking the side of the house apart; that will not shrink up two sizes the first month, warp into three or four irreconcilable shapes the second, and fall all to pieces the third; just a plain center board fly screen, that will keep out flies and won't cost the price of a piece of an expert or a trained mechanic to adjust, and your fortune is made, and all the women of America will rise up and call you blessed. But you say that has been invented long ago. Never! But you have seen it advertised? Oh yes; but an advertisement isn't an invention by a long chalk. That is to say, the advertisement may be an invention, but the thing advertised isn't. Go ahead now and see what you can do. Here we are, a happy, prosperous land, a land of universities, colleges and public schools, a country of 50,000,000 people, and the entire nation, with all its ingenuity, wisdom and learning, doesn't know enough to invent a practical fly screen—one that a woman will pronounce perfect.

LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

"Agamemnon," said his wife softly, as she opened the door of her husband's study, where the colonel was busily engaged upon his great speech for the coming Grand Army reunion, "Agamemnon, dear, there is a man in the parlor who wishes to see you a moment. He says you don't know him, but old Norm, the dead shot of old C company of the old Threety-twoth of the old Onth Brigade of the old marchin' division of the old Worst Corps, is on post, you will know him."

The colonel, who was carefully reconnoitering down the "bic" column of the dictionary to ascertain the proper spelling of bichevimonous, lost his place and was irritated.

"By all the gods that fought at Cohoes, or some place up that way, I can't be bothered by every duffer that served in the United States army. I don't know him; I never heard of such a man; I never served in that corps. That fellow was a deserter, any how; I'm not married myself; I don't there was no such man in my regiment. Tell him I'm busy; tell him I'm out of town; tell him I'm dead; send him away. Here, I'll go down and bounce the beggar myself; I'll bet a thousand dollars he wants to borrow money of me. I'll go down and fire him out. I've had enough of this. Tell him at once for all, the lazy loafer, with nothing better to do than bother busy people who don't want to see him. Where is the tramp? Oh! Well, well, well! Old Norm! If I ain't glad to see you! I was askin' some of the old boys only yesterday if they knew where you were; I was goin' to write to you. I don't know when in the old fighting Threety-twoth I'd rather see than you. No, you don't have to go, neither; you're goin' to stop to dinner; put down that hat; some of the boys'll be up this evening, I expect. Say, do you remember that time down at Fort Slaughter when you and me—"

The remaining chapters of this interesting novelette will not be published here.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Her Ticket Matched Her Dress.

First Kansas woman—"Were you at the polis yesterday, Minnie?"

Second Kansas woman—"O, yes, I was out at the dear little polls. Isn't it just too nice to vote?"

"How did you vote?"

"Really, dear, I don't remember."

"Well, you remember that they had two kinds of tickets—white and red."

"O, I remember now. It was the lovely little red ticket that I put on the polls."

"Why, I am surprised. That was the Republican ticket."

"Well, I didn't ask. I saw that the color of the ticket was a delicate red and it exactly matched my dress."—*Nashville American.*

No "Poppy" for Him.

A Montana girl came East and attended a fashionable boarding school for a year. On her return she flew into her father's arm gasping out:

"O papa! How is mamma and—"

The old Montanian retreated until he had backed up against the depot; then he shook one horny finger warningly toward the returned "Sadie" and said:

"Don't you go for to calling 'poppy' and your mam 'mommy,' Sary Jane. We won't hev it! 'Dad' an' 'maw' was good enuff fer ye when ye left home, an' it's good enuff now that you've come home. D'ar that in mind, Sary Jane, an' don't 'poppy' me again, or I'll take a brush to ye!"

A Good Picture of Eva.

The more uneducated negroes show a strange inability to understand what the simplest pictures even are intended to represent, and their interpretations of more complex pictures are strangely ludicrous. In the family of Mr. S. was a negro servant named Aunt Lucy. One day Miss Florence showed her a small picture of Niagara Falls, and asked her what she thought it was. After holding the picture in every possible position Aunt Lucy finally said: "Dat sure am Miss Eva; it sure am." Miss Eva was another daughter of the family. "Is it a good picture of her?" asked Miss Florence. Regarding the picture with a sage air, Aunt Lucy replied: "I tink it favor Miss Eva jus' a bit."—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

How It Looked to Dan Lamont.

"What do you think of the flag business, Daniel?" said the President, as the private secretary came into the private office.

"Well, it was—er—er—one of your majesty's slips," was the reply.

"What do you mean by that, Daniel?"

"I mean, sire, that it would have been better if it hadn't happened."

"But what harm has been done, Daniel? hain't I countermanded the order, and haven't we got the flags?"

"Y-e-s-s," said the private secretary, hesitatingly; "but it doesn't seem just as it did before that old fool Drum had an idea. The flags appear to have been divided up by this thing. The old soldiers have got the stars and we've got the stripes!"

"Better go out and see if any one is waiting," said the President.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Ostrich and the Bottle.

A party of travelers in the wilds of Africa accidentally left a bottle of whiskey behind them when they moved from their camp in the morning. An ostrich who had been watching them all night stalked into the deserted place in the hope of finding something to eat. As soon as the bird spied the bottle he made a grab for it, remembering the hilarity which had followed its use by the travelers on the previous evening. But the cork was in; and tug as he might, the ostrich could not remove it.

Finally, in desperation, he called a small monkey from the top of a palm tree near by, saying:

"My friend, I will give you this pretty glass bottle if you will pull the cork for me."

This the monkey essayed to do with his teeth; but as the cork flew out some of the precious liquor followed. The monkey made wry faces, and finally persuaded the ostrich to drink what was a rank poison. But after the bird went away the monkey got gloriously drunk by himself.

Why She Adored the Minister.

The Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Unitarian minister in Syracuse, speaking of getting encouragement recently, told how he got some when he preached down in Marblehead. His wife had come to him and said there was a dear little girl who had injured herself. She had been such a regular attendant at church. She had such a great admiration for Mr. Calthrop, she had never missed hearing him, even wading through the snow—that he ought to visit his young parishioner. He went. He was met by the little girl's mother, who began a repetition of the story that the minister's wife had told, as they walked along to the sick-room. There the child lay, propped up, and overheard the last statements from her mother of her own delight in the pastor's preaching.

"Yes, sir," chimed in the girl, as the minister stood by her bedside: "it's beautiful to hear you preach; you holler so!"—*Chicago Herald.*

Burdette at the Opera.

"Music," says Carlyle, "is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that." I can easily myself in concord of sweet sounds.' I love the old and antique song more than light airs, and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy pated times;" but never did I appreciate Carlyle's saying until a few nights since, when I heard Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home." I will give you one stanza myself:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home! home, Sweet, Sweet home!!
There's no place like home;
There's no home like home.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Those Shocking Youngsters.

A neighbor of mine has a little girl and also an older daughter who is "in society," says a writer in the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press.* The youngster is precocious beyond her years and demonstrates the old adage about "little pitchers" and "long ears" more aptly than any child I ever saw. Last Sunday night, when young Rocket called, the little girl climbed on his knee and began poking the visitor in the ribs.

"What are you doing, Minnie?" asked Rocket.

"Dee pokin' you to see if you's soft," replied the artless infant. "Sister said you was soft's a boiled squash."

Rocket didn't wait to see "sister" and vows he'll never call there again.

Grover C. Wants a Song Written.

"Daniel?"

"What, sire."

"Can you write poetry?"

"I cannot, sire, but Drum can."

"Oh, d—n Drum."

"But what do you want, sire?"

"I want a campaign song; an old rattler, the lines ending with ——— 'Buffalo gal,' and ——— 'flag,' and a chorus of do da, do da, day."

"What flag, sire?"

"Dan't, take this pardon away. I am in no humor to sign it. You make me lame."—*Chicago Mail.*

Somewhat Equivocal.

A clerk in a banking house celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the firm. Schmul, the principal, hands him in the morning a closed envelope, inscribed, "In memory of this eventful day." The clerk gratefully receives the envelope without opening it, but on a gracious hint from the head of the firm he breaks the cover and finds—the photo of his master. "Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmul, with a grin. "It's just like you," was the reply.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Didn't Want to be an Angel.

A dear lady friend writes from New Orleans that she has the picture of a saint surrounded with angels in her bedroom. Discussing with her little 5-year-old what he might be some day, he was asked if he would not like to be an angel, as one of those bright figures in the picture. The little child replied: "I'd rather be a civil engineer." A grandfather of that boy is credited with being one of the few men who "saved the union."

Smart Reply.

A celebrated Washington belle, whose attractions invited such marked attentions from scores of young men, received a note, unsigned, but evidently written by another fashionable woman. While chatting she inadvertently drew out her handkerchief, and observing a knot in the corner of it, stopped, hesitated and said: "I've a knot in the corner of my handkerchief. I must have put it there to remind me of something." Said the hostess: "Probably to remind you that you are married."—*Harper's Magazine.*

How the Bishop Should Have Thanked Him.

One of Henry B. Anthony's stories was of a policeman who recovered on a steamboat a pocketbook which had been stolen from the good Bishop Griswold. "I did not want any reward," said the policeman, "and I did think the bishop might have said, 'Oh! damn it, Smith, take $10.' If he had just said that, I should have been satisfied."—*Providence Journal.*

Where Education is a Drawback.

"I see," said a pretty Burlington girl, "that Columbia college has conferred the degree of Bachelor of Letters upon Mary Parsons Hankey. Now I wager you the oysters that I get more letters before January 1 than she does."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Boy's Notion.

A little Charlotte avenue boy did not want to go to Sunday school. His mother said: "Why, Johnny, don't you want to hear about heaven and the beautiful streets of gold?" Johnny thought a moment and then said very decidedly: "No; I dess I don't. If I hear'n 'bout it I won't be surprised when I go."—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Benefits of Religion.

"What is the church for?" asks a religious weekly. Well, well! If our sacred contemporary does not know what the church is for we think it is about time for a revival of religion in town. The church is to save the ministers the expense of hiring a hall.—*Lawrence Citizen.*

Will Some One Give it a Needle and Thread?

The dried codfish is the only animal that wears its shirt open in the back.—*Newman Independent.*

Both Sorry.

Collector—Mr. Jones, I am sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill.

Jones—Are you, my boy? Well, I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry you have to ask me.

Don't Forget the Seashore, Please.

It may be necessary after awhile for a young man to go to a medical college or a fashionable reception to study anatomy.—*Norristown Herald.*

No, It Goes to the Other Place.

There is one road that apparently doesn't lead to Rome. It is the one that Dr. McGlynn is traveling.—*Puck.*

Confession of a Southern Funny Man.

Flippancy is a spurious form of wit that is frequently made to do service for the real article in this country.—*Nashville Register.*

Miscellany.

ENGAGED COUPLES.

Interesting Testimony of Experts—A Lady's Opinion.

A pretty girl who has had and still has scores of admirers, was the first to take the witness stand. Her testimony was given with charming grace and carried conviction. It is thus:

"I have been engaged twice." A surprised murmur rose from the party. "And the truth of the saying that there is no accounting for woman's taste was fully verified in my case, for the two gentlemen could not have been more unlike. The first proposal came from one some years my senior. He told me tale with difficulty, and the hesitation with which he talked imparted to me something akin to it, for I did not accept accept him as quickly as I intended. However, we became engaged and remained so for four months. And do you know that during the whole time he never as much as touched my hand?"

"Never kissed you?" asked a petite brunette, in a tone of wondering indignation.

"Never!"

"The other man was an ardent wooer, and was a great stickler for what he called his rights." Having been educated, so to speak, in the puritanical system characteristic of my first engagement, I was disposed to resent the seeming liberties he took; but I was told that an engaged couple were expected to be more demonstrative to each other than ordinary acquaintances."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, there is certainly no harm in a woman permitting a man who to whom she has plighted her troth occasionally kissing her. It is very frequently done, I know, and when no such understanding exists, an exception to the rule is found."

"I don't know about that," was the dreamy observation of a young fellow who was said to be engaged. "I am disposed to think the puritanical system is yet very extensively practiced."

"What is the conduct toward each other of engaged couples?" asked one of the party.

"In honest, serious entanglements?" queried a lady.

"Yes."

"When a woman is truly and honestly in love with a man she is very careful,

Recent Literature.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, come in the most valuable series entitled "The Story of the Nations" the two volumes one of "Assyria" and the other, "Alexander's Empire." The first is written by Tenaide A. Ragazin. It is continued from the "Story of Chaldea," and covers the time from the rise of the empire to the fall of Nineveh. The second is by John Pentland Mahaffy with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M. A. It is not simply a history of Alexander's conquests but that of the different portions of the great Empire which he founded, that later gained and then lost their independence, and were finally absorbed into the dominions of Rome. Both are full of absorbing interest.

The same house also publishes "The Federal Constitution," which is an essay by John F. Baker, of the New York bar. It is a very clear outline of the origin, growth and principles of constitutional liberty, without any attempt to recommend innovations upon the present system.

"How to Travel" is another little book from the Putnams, by Thomas W. Knox. It contains hints, advice and suggestions to travelers by land and sea all over the globe, which will be found of great assistance for those about to set out upon such journeyings and are inexperienced. By following out the simple directions given, they will be saved a good deal of embarrassment and trouble.

"Mistaken Paths" by Herbert G. Dick, is issued by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. It is a story which seeks to show the weariness that waits on feet that tread the wrong way at critical points in life. In the story under notice, the mother makes the first mistake after a manner in which many parents are liable to error, by suppressing an inherent ambition in her daughter; the child rebels, and chooses her own way, which is, of course, the mistaken path, about which the plot of the story is woven. The end of the wayward and forbidden way is hard-earned peace and tardy restitution—sometimes. It generally is in fiction, however it may be in reality.

The same house issues "Behind the Blue Ridge" by Frances Courtenay Baylor. It deals with the same class of people in Virginia that abide in Charles Egbert Craddock's mountain districts of Tennessee. There is a luxuriance of fancy and dialect similar to that of Craddock, although the fancy as applied to descriptions of scenery is less tropical, and the characters are less distinct. Perhaps the clearest portrait is that of the old trail which sighed to become a road, and which had known all the pioneers from the first squirrels and Shawnees to the "Knights of the Horseshoe." Many readers will find Brother White a very amusing acquaintance, and his spiritual growth as instanced by his change of belief and his impartial trial of all denominations will interest many whose souls are kin.

In the Lippincott's series of monthly novels is "One of the Dreams," by Alice King Hamilton, a story full of incident, the interest of which is maintained from first to last. It makes good summer reading.

"Wallingford" is the title of one of Lippincott's late publications. It is a story of American life to which the author has not affixed his name. It deals with matters that matter largely into many people as well as American life. There is a pinch of love, a grain of philosophy, a slice or so of villainy and a good, healthful flavor through all, which makes the combination good and wholesome. The book is attractively bound and very readable. Philadelphia.

The first of a series, called "The Century War Book," has been received. There are to be about 32 numbers made up of articles on the civil war which have appeared and are now appearing in the *Century Magazine*, together with unpublished papers that form at least a third of the whole, and are no less interesting than those which have already appeared. The illustrations, numbering more than a thousand, including portraits, maps, etc., are the work of the best artists employed, and in general, when not from war-time photographs, have been subject to correction and suggestion from veterans. Many new pictures will be made for the book. The type is large and clear and the paper heavy, and the series complete will make four handsome volumes of over 700 pages each. The articles are prepared under the editorial management of Robert U. Johnson and Clarence C. Buell, of the editorial staff of the *Century*. Two parts will be issued each month and sold only by subscription.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes a volume entitled "On Teaching English," by Alexander Bain, with detailed examples and an inquiry into the definition of poetry. It is auxiliary to the enlarged edition of the author's Rhetoric and English Composition. Three subjects are embraced: First, a review of prevailing opinions as to the proper method of teaching English; second, a brief sketch of the Rhetorical method with a series of select lessons; and third a discussion of poetry. The book is a valuable one.

The Appleton's also issue "The College and the Church." It is a collection of papers from *The Forum* upon two subjects, the one "How I was Educated" and the other denominational "Confessions." These essays were written by some of the best thinkers in the country, those whose standing entitle anything they may say to careful consideration. The book cannot fail to be interesting.

The same publishers issue in paper covers "Tempest-Driven," a romance by Richard Dowling, author of "The Mystery of Killard," "Fatal Bonds," etc. Price, 50 cents.

G. W. Dillingham, New York, issues "How to be Witty, or Old Saws with New Teeth," by Irwin Longman, and illustrated by W. Y. Longman. Another book by the same author and also from the same publishing house is "$1,000 Legal Don'ts, or the Lawyer's Occupation gone," a little work which is of practical value to every one in business or who has business or property responsibilities.

Literary Notes.

The Earl of Lytton has just issued a new volume of poems entitled "After Paradise; or, Legends of Exiles."

"Which? or, Between Two Women," is in press for immediate publication by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Mr. Haggard's new book, "Allen Quartermain," will appear next month. It is a sequel to "King Solomon's Mines."

Benjamin & Bell make their debut as publishers by issuing a literary curiosity, a satire, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America."

Miss Mary A. M. Hoppus (Mrs. Alfred Marks) has just completed a story the scene of which is laid in Rome in the time of Domitian.

A new novel, which some English critics of repute think shows promise, is to come out soon, called "An Ugly Duckling," by Henry Erroll.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says it is an open secret that Mr. Rider Haggard is more anxious to be thought a great sportsman than a great writer of fiction.

W. H. Allen & Co., London announce a new series of short biographies, under the title of the *Statesmen* series, of which the first volume will appear in the autumn.

In July *Harper's* the strongest article is the opening one on "A Printed Book," which makes a proper sequel to the June article on "A Sheet of Paper," in the series of great American industries.

It is reported that the author of "Through the Gates of Gold," issued by Roberts Bros., is a young lady named Mabel Collins and that she is also the author of "Light on the Path," published by Cupples & Hurd.

"On the 1st inst.," says the *Mail and Express*, "action was taken at the American Tract society to sell the Tract House and close the bindery and discontinue the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, which does not pay.

Among the notable contributions to the *Magazine of American History* for July, are Justin Winsor, Gen. R. St. George Cooke, the Hon. Horatio King, John M. Bishop and Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart.

The name of the author of Mrs. Siddons in the "Famous Women" series should be Nina H. Kennard instead of Nina A. Kennard as erroneously printed on title.

The illustrations in Prof. D. A. Sargent's article on "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," which appears in *Scribner's Magazine* for July, are from photographs of athletes and diagrams furnished by the author.

Prof. Wm. T. Harris, the distinguished representative of the Concord School of Philosophy appears as a critic of Henry George's land theory. An article from him is published in the July number of the *Forum*.

Harper & Brothers will bring out this week a new novel from the charming pen of Mrs. Burton Harrison. The scene of the story is Bar Harbor, the gay and fashionable life at that favorite summer resort being depicted with great skill and fidelity.

Benjamin & Bell will publish in the fall "A Selection from the Poetry of Leigh Hunt," with a prefatory sketch and a reproduction of a portrait in water-colors by Sir David Wilkie, hitherto unpublished and now in the possession of the publishers. The volume will be daintily printed.

The July number of Scribner's *Book Buyer* will contain no fewer than seventeen illustrations from current books, two of which are full page. A specially-engraved portrait of the popular author of "The Man Without a Country," Edward Everett Hale, taken from the photograph which his friends regard as the best, will accompany a sketch of Dr. Hale, in which is included a complete list of his books, with the dates of publication.

BEN'S ROOM.

A Hint to Mothers as Well as Sisters.

"What a hideous green you are putting in that tidy!" said said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," said Kate, good-humoredly. "You see I bought it one night, and began to work on on it by lamplight, and I thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlors as into Brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion.

And Belle, feeling that she was treading on delicate ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for that difference—thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of furniture up stairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the wall, hitherto bare; dainty white mats on the bureau, fresh muslin curtains draped at the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it.

"Now," she said, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his door that evening and saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh, no," he answered; "only thinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time either. By and by he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction Belle could ask them up to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand good thing to have a home, and be worthy of it?

TWO INCIDENTS.

There's a Moral Here Somewhere, Ladies

Within two days the Listener witnessed a couple of incidents on Washington street which illustrated admirably the difference there is in people. Passing along near Temple place he saw two stout, elderly ladies, standing side by side—one facing one way however, and the other the other way, glaring at each other with furious eyes. There was a little grinning crowd about them, and when the Listener came quite up to them he saw what was the matter. In meeting and undertaking to pass, the clothing of these two elderly ladies had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the lace on the garments of the other. Their strain to disentangle themselves had drawn them into a regular snarl; the wrath of each had been roused to the boiling point, and each woman seemed to be exclaiming, in the language of scripture, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Instead of leaving the disentanglement to one or the two to be managed with deliberation and discretion, each was tugging away spitefully at the point of jointure. There seemed to be likelihood of an occasion for the interference of the police presently, for the faces of the two ladies were growing redder and redder, and their eyes snapping more and more furiously. Presently one took a desperate tug; the lace gave way and the tie was severed. But imagine the feeling of the lady whose lace had been lacerated!

Next day, passing over almost the same ground, the Listener saw a pretty girl, brown-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and short-haired, and a stout Irishwoman in a bonnet and shawl, black and with a green poplin dress, who were walking in opposite directions, stop all at once, caught fast, just as the two women of the day before had been. The young girl smiled faintly and good-naturedly. The Irishwoman took in the situation and courtseyed.

"Sure, miss," said she, "an' it's a sign that we'll meet in heaven!"

The young lady smiled most pronouncedly and said:

"Wait a moment and I will unfasten it."

With half a minute's work she disentangled the snarl.

"Ah, miss, remember it," said the Irishwoman, as she moved away, radiant with smiles, "we're to meet in heaven, sure!"—*Boston Transcript.*

WRITING BY ELECTRICITY.

Professor Gray's New Invention by Which Signatures May Be Transmitted.

Professor Elisha Gray has been at work for some time upon an invention which is, perhaps, destined to be a great rival of the telephone. The contrivance is called the telautograph, and by means of it fac-similes of handwriting can be transmitted by telegraph. The invention has not yet been perfected, and, although no patent has been applied for it, it is protected by caveats. Dr. J. W. Porter, a friend of the inventor, is quite enthusiastic on the subject. "I think," said he, recently, "that Professor Gray is on the road to a great discovery—one which will bring him great fame and large wealth. I have not yet seen the telegraph machine, nor do I understand its workings, but I have seen perfect fac-similes of signatures transmitted by it. It is something that will be of the greatest advantage in business transactions. A man can sit in his office in Chicago and sign checks or contracts in New York or Boston. In all stock transactions it will be useful, as there will be no chance of mistake. It requires no special training to run the machine; all that is necessary is an ability to write. I don't know whether it will be cheaper or more expensive than the ordinary telegraph. That will have to be determined after the invention has been put to practical test."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Word in Season.

In warm, summer weather many persons feel an irresistible craving for something sour, and often gratify this desire by a free indulgence in pickles and vegetables made acid with vinegar. This demand for acid indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions in the stomach, and the demand for an artificial one is a natural one; but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that gives acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and therefore one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving the stomach a natural supply and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than any drink he can use.—*Exchange.*

A Lost Fortune Found.

"I deeply regret it, sir, but honor and my altered circumstances compel me to release your daughter from her engagement. I cannot enter your family a beggar. In the recent deal in the North End stock I lost my entire fortune." "Not another word, my boy, not another word. I got it."

"How Can she Ever Love Him!"

is what you you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps in insanity!" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists.

THE "RUBBER TRUST."

Something About It And Other "Trust" Schemes.

The efforts now being made in New York to form a trust to control the entire india rubber industry of the United States again call the attention of legislators to the necessity of dealing with those unincorporated corporations, which are much more effective for the establishment of oppressive monopolies than are associations whose powers are limited and defined by charters. The Standard Oil Trust and Cotton Oil Trust are well known monopolies. Their success has led to the formation of a Cattle Trust and the Chicago Gas Trust, and now it is proposed to bring the rubber industry, which employs about 25,000 persons and uses annually some 20,000,000 pounds of imported material under like discipline. The method is very simple. Individuals, firms and corporations engaged in the manufacture and sale of India rubber articles will be invited to put their plant into the trust at a valuation agreed upon, accepting in exchange for their property certificates commonly known as "trust certificates." The trustees will then proceed to manage the rubber business for the whole country, manufacturing and fixing prices and controlling the business in such a manner as to exclude competition and make it profitable to those "on the inside." Individual manufacturers who decline to surrender their independence will be persecuted in various ways. Their products will be undersold, and dealers who purchase of them will be boycotted. Their employes will be bought off, or perhaps, as in a recent well known case, be induced to blow up their employers' works. The pitiless fight will go on until the sturdy "outsider" will be forced by losses to put his factory into the trust and accept a salary and trust certificates in lieu of his proprietorship. Robbery and tyranny are thus perpetrated on a vast scale, the trust compelling all rivals to quit the business of production, and all consumers to take its products at such prices as it may choose to name. Such proceedings are, of course, in conflict with the spirit of our laws and institutions. To suppress them is difficult because the trust is not a corporation. It is irresponsible. It cannot be proceeded against in the ordinary way because it has no such objective existence as the possession of a charter would give it. It is a power in the state, but it has not been created by the state and is not subject to its regulation. It may do as it pleases because it is an aggregation of interests in a form not contemplated by existing statutes. It might, perhaps, be more correct to say that the various trusts have enjoyed immunity hitherto because their proceedings have been but languidly studied by public prosecutors and judges. A recent case of Louisiana, however, promises better things for the future. There the attorney-general brought action to have the Cotton Trust declared an illegal association on the ground that it had not been incorporated, and asked for an injunction and the appointment of a receiver. The defendant declared, through one of its officers, that it was not acting as a corporation. But this defense was deemed invalid. Judge Houston, before whom the action was brought, held that the functions of the trust were those of a corporation. "The acts charged against the Oil Trust," said the judge, "are acts that can only be done by a corporation; they cannot legally be done by a partnership or by an incorporated joint stock company; they are not acts to be done by trustees. If an association or persons acting as a corporation without being incorporated, they may be enjoined from so acting and from placing their stock on the market. The placing of their stock on the market is one of the most dangerous of their acts." The secret understanding through which the trust holds together and does its work bears many of the marks of a conspiracy, and it is this character that the public will perhaps ultimately assign to it.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WON'T DO HOUSEWORK.

That is Said to be "A Key to the Difficulty."

It often seems to me that the estimable ladies who are always urging, and with many good arguments, that young girls thrown upon themselves should support should choose housework rather than the factory, miss the most important point in the whole affair. Those who refuse housework in this form do it, not because they dread work, for they usually work harder elsewhere; nor because housework seems to them degrading, because they have almost all helped their mothers to do it, and they probably expect to do it for themselves when they are married. There is nothing that the ladies who advise them can say about it which has any effect upon their minds, because the main point is so often left untouched. The thing that really influences them is the dislike—which they share with dukes and duchesses—of having social superiors.

Say what you please, they are not made conscious, in the life of factory operatives or "sales ladies," of having distinct social superiors, whereas every day of domestic service seems to imply the distinct and formal recognition of such superiority. The more distinct the recognition, the less it is liked. To live "in the family" as a servant is family, eating at the family table and coming in at the same door, reduces this sense of social inferiority to the smallest point, or extinguishes it altogether. Nor is there much of it in the rural hotel, where the life of the hired men and girls is a thing by itself, and no sense of actual inferiority is pressed on them. In the thrifty manufacturing towns of Lancashire, however, promises a tone of kindly friendliness prevails, and excludes all oppressive sense of social superiors; and if all families were like this, there would be much less scarcity of "living-out girls," as they like to call themselves. But just in proportion as distinctions becomes greater to anything that implies social inferiority. It is in vain to tell those thus situated that labor is honorable, and household labor especially so, to say that a good servant ranks higher than a good factory hand, and so on. The ladies who say this fail to convince others because they do not really convince themselves. This is the real difficulty.

Anecdote of Mr. Wheeler.

William A. Wheeler while vice president was inflexible in maintaining authority. There was once a pretty violent scene between two senators during a night's session. Wheeler rapped on the desk with the gavel, and in a quiet but firm tone said: "The senator will take his seat." The man who was using the hard words looked up with surprise. "The senator will take his seat," repeated Mr. Wheeler. Still the offender stood, looking as though he did not know what was the trouble. Then the gavel came down with a thump, and with a voice that penetrated every crack in the chamber, Mr. Wheeler repeated: "The chair commands the senator to take his seat," and the senator sat down. Then in his usual tone of voice he remarked: "As long as the present occupant is in the chair there will be order in the senate. The senator may proceed if he will proceed in order. If he will not do so the chair will not permit him to retain the floor. The senator may proceed." There was a decided sensation, for the senator who was thus attacked was considered the "biggest man" in the body, a man of whom it was said that Mr. Wheeler was afraid, but he never mounted his high horse again when the vice president was in the chair.

No Place for the Ultra-High Hats.

The ultra-high, witch-like hats, with towering conical crowns, which have appeared for two seasons past, are laid upon the shelf for lack of purchasers. The story of these hats is as follows: Two years ago *Le Sport* announced that English women were wearing head-coverings shaped like Tyrolean hats. Whereupon, Anglomania having strongly set in in France, French women immediately copied the supposed fashion, and last autumn on each beach of Trouville saw the most eccentric developments of this ungainly and unbecoming style of head-gear. There has been a vain endeavor to make these hats the vogue in America this season, but thus far they have failed, as they look like an extinguisher upon the head of a small woman, and add unduly to the apparent height of a tall one.

Avoid False Guides.

Nothing could be more misleading than the theory that every man or woman can be his or her own doctor. Books are published which contain long catalogues of symptoms, and lay down inflexible rules for treatment. Many lives are sacrificed annually to such amateur medical treatment. The danger of taking any remedy without having a proper diagnosis of one's case, needs only to be intimated to be admitted. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1029 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., found, when they introduced their Compound Oxygen to the public, that wisdom, as well as honesty, demanded the frankest statements to their patients. A correspondence soon brings out all the important facts concerning the sufferer's condition. If the physicians discover that Compound Oxygen and its associated remedies will not reach the disease under consideration, they make it an unvarying rule to say so. This precept of frank and manly dealing has not been departed from throughout seventeen years of active and remarkably successful practice. During that long period their Home Treatment by Compound Oxygen for consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, paralysis, asthma, and associated diseases has been introduced into forty thousand families, and its remarkable success warrants every recommendation that has been uttered in its behalf. It is not a cure-all remedy, but when prescribed, after careful investigation of the patient's case, it rarely fails to effect a cure. Drs. Starkey & Palen send a very interesting book, free, to anybody who will write for it.

FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Chronology of Queen Victoria's Life and Reign.

Queen Victoria, only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and of Princess Victoria Mary Louisa of Saxe-Coburg, was born at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819.

The Duke of Kent did Jan. 23, 1820.

Queen Victoria succeeds to the throne June 20, 1837, on the death of her uncle, King William IV.

Crowned June 28, 1838.

Announces Jan. 16, 1840, her intention to marry her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The queen and the prince were married Feb. 10, 1840.

Princess royal, now princess imperial of Germany, born Nov. 21, 1840.

Prince of Wales born Nov. 9, 1841.

Penny postage goes into operation in Great Britain Jan. 10, 1840.

The "Peel budget" of 1845, 430 articles out of 813 on the tariff put on the free list. The Anti-Corn Law League, under the lead of Richard Cobden, demands the unconditional repeal of all duties on articles of food consumption. The demand is resisted by the agricultural interest. Sir Robert Peel proposes a compromise, but finally gives way.

Corn laws repealed June 26, 1846. From this time dates the permanency and extension of the free trade idea throughout the commercial and industrial systems of Great Britain.

Famine in Ireland 1846-47. Free sugar 1846. Abandonment of the protective system in the navigation laws, 1847.

The first "Great Exhibition" or World's fair opened May 1, 1851.

War declared against Russia, March 28, 1854.

Peace with Russia proclaimed, April 19, 1856.

War with China, October, 1856; with Persia, November, 1856.

Beginning of the Indian mutiny at Barrackpore, March, 1857. Outbreak at Meerut, massacre of Europeans and seizure of Delhi by the rebels, May, 1857. King of Delhi proclaimed emperor by the mutineers. Government of India by the East India company ceases September 1, 1858. Tantia Topee, the insurgent leader, hanged April 18, 1859. Thanksgiving in England for pacification of India, May 1, 1859. Hostilities thereafter continue, but in the form of guerilla warfare.

"Conspiracy to murder" bill rejected by the Commons, February 19, 1858. The bill was said to have been introduced at the request of the French government to facilitate the arrest of conspirators against Napoleon III. The Palmerston ministry fell with the bill.

Bill relieving Jews of civil disabilities passed July 12, 1858.

Volunteer movement, in response to supposed hostile intentions of France, May-October, 1859.

Commercial treaty with France, involving the extension of the free trade idea, signed March, 1860.

Prince of Wales visits Canada and the United States, July-November, 1860.

"Trent-affair," November - December, 1861.

Death of the Prince-Consort, December 14, 1861.

Prince of Wales married March 10, 1863.

Atlantic cable successfully laid and direct telegraphic communication with the United States began July 27, 1867.

Disraeli reform bill greatly extending the franchise passed August, 1867.

The Irish Episcopal church disestablished July 26, 1869.

Irish land bill extending tenant rights passed August 1, 1870.

Purchase system in the army abolished by royal warrant July 20, 1871.

Religious tests for admission to universities abolished 1871. Lay students of whatever faith to be admitted to Oxford and Cambridge on equal rights.

The Geneva tribunal gives judgment against Great Britain on the "alabama claims," September 14, 1872. Great Britain pays an indemnity of about £3,229,166 13s 4d.

The Prince of Wales visits India 1875.

Treaty of Berlin signed 1878. England acquires Cyprus.

Land League movement, organized by Parnell, acquires great strength 1878-80.

Afghan war, November, 1878. Massacre of the British legation at Cabul, 1879. The British again invade the country, defeat the Afghans and then evacuate the country, which is placed under the rule of Abdur Rahman.

The Zulu war opened in 1879. Cetewayo defeated at Ulundi, July 4, 1880.

Boer war broke out December, 1880. March 22, 1881, peace concluded, while acknowledging English suzerainty.

Irish land bill, introduced April 7, 1881, becomes a law in August.

Phœnix Park tragedy, assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, May 6, 1882.

Prevention of crimes bill for Ireland passed July 12, 1882.

Alexandria bombarded by the British fleet July 11, 1882. September 10 the British army, under Lord Wolseley, defeated the Egyptians under Arabi Pacha at Tel-el-Kebir.

Gen. Gordon leaves London for the Soudan January 18, 1884.

August, 1884, the Gordon relief campaign opened by a movement up the Nile under the command of Lord Wolseley.

February 5, 1885, news received of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gen. Gordon. Intense excitement throughout England.

The policy of "smashing" the Mahdi abandoned by the Gladstone government May 11, 1885.

The redistribution bill redistributing parliamentary seats received royal assent May 21, 1885. This bill was a pendant of Mr. Gladstone's franchise bill, which passed some time before, and which gave the agricultural laborers the franchise.

Irish-home bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone April 8, 1886. It causes a split in the cabinet and the Liberal party. The bill was defeated in the Commons by a majority of 30. General elections followed in July. Aug. 5, Parliament as embles. The Commons stand—Conservatives 316, Liberal-Unionists 73, Parnellites 85, Gladstone Liberals 196; Lord Salisbury, premier.

Seven attempts have been made upon the life of Queen Victoria: By Edward Oxford, June 10, 1840; by John Francis, May 30, 1842; by Bean, a few weeks later; by Hamilton, May 19, 1849; by Robert Pate, May 27, 1850; by Arthur O'Connor, February 29, 1872; by Roderick Maclean, March 2, 1882.

But two English sovereigns have reigned longer than Queen Victoria: Henry III., 1216—1272, and Gerrge III., 1760—1820.

General Washington's Farm.

From an Almanac of 1790.

General Washington possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body, where he lives; constantly employs 240 hands; keeps 25 plows going all the year when the weather will permit; sowed in 1787, 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres of wheat, and prepared as much corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.; has near 500 acres in grass, and sowed 150 with turnips. Stock, 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass; the farms are scattered around at the distance of two, three, four or five miles, which the general visits every day unless the weather is absolutely stormy. He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with that desire which always actuates him—to do good to mankind. In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 18,500 pounds, for his family use, exclusive of provision for his negroes, which was made into bacon.

Timely Domestic Hints.

If you are troubled with weak eyes never sift ashes while facing the wind; get your wife to do it, or wait till the wind shifts to another quarter. A cheap boy may be hired for fifty cents a day to pull weeds, but it costs a dollar extra to pay a man to watch the boy. He is a wise man who, instead of driving his neighbor's hens out of the door-yard with a fusilade of old boots, cobble-stones and profanity, fixes up a snug place for them to lay in. The prudent man never buys patent medicines unless he sees them advertised in a religious paper. Such medicines may be taken with perfect safety. The editor is a good man and tests the virtue of the nostrums at the risk of his life for the benefit of advertisers, always taking out his pay for advertising in sample cases. If you are living beyond your means, it is best to ignore the fact. Brooding over such trifles causes a man to worry, and worry kills more people than work.—*Ted-Bits.*

At Least They All Think So.

The great trouble with American journalism is that the men who knew just how a newspaper ought to be run are unfortunately engaged in some other business—driving stage, digging post-holes, herding sheep, or acting as deputy sheriff.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

YES, white hair is the fashion, and the younger the face which is thus framed the more fortunate the possessor. Time was when the threading of the locks was dreaded and concealed as long as possible. People—both men and women—resorted to hair dyes that were full of poison to turn the fading tissues back again to the color, sometimes to the user's bitter regret, for disease that knew no pity was the consequence. Now, even though time nor trouble has done nothing to bleach the hair, the society woman seeks artificial means to accomplish the change. A mixture which will turn the blackest locks snow white in two applications is in extensive use. What though it does do permanent injury by withering the capillary tubes, so that the time will come in the near future when the hair will fall out, she rejoices in the present, and walks serene in the consciousness of the beauty so suddenly developed.

THE consequence of this fashion is the multiplication of feminine silver heads, with faces yet unlined and unwrinkled. That the effect in many cases is exceedingly pretty cannot be denied. The pure white fluffy or wavy locks softens the features and seems to increase their youthful appearance. How it will be, later on, when the after consequences of using these strong poisons become visible, does not trouble the wearer. The *now* is what she cares for. And it is this same unfortunate "now" that ruins so many complexions with the use of cosmetics, which may, for a brief while, seem to enhance the beauty of the skin but by and by renders it dark, rough, and unsightly. Better employ the means nature has provided for the preservation of good looks, with only the adventitious aids that leave no ill effects behind.

ONE of these is the elixir of fresh air. Too many of us stay housed-up—in the winter out of the cold, in the summer out of the heat,—and it is often we wonder that Spring blood does not flush our faces with the hues of health, that our steps are not elastic, that our eyes are not clear and bright. The growth of a taste for outdoor amusements for girls is one of the best signs of the times, for it promises, if continued, generations of pretty and vigorous women. It promises, too, better wives and mothers, and better workers in every path of life. Stronger bodies enable good brains to be used to the best purpose, besides adding to the physical attractions of the possessor. The sentimental fancy for delicate, fragile, sickly girls has passed by. Invalids are no longer interesting because of their invalidism. If they are attractive it is in spite of it, and they would be twice as agreeable if well. There may be rare exceptions, but they only prove the rule.

ONE of the most important factors in securing physical vigor is sleep—restful, continued sleep—sleep without dreaming—when the spirit can gain activity for its continuous work, and therefore will not react upon the body, because weary. In a little pamphlet by Prentice Mulford, published with others in similar lines of thought, by E. J. Needham, 22 Tremont Row, Boston, the philosophy of sleep is given. The body is only the instrument of the spirit which is the real "you." It is the spirit that is tired at night. It is exhausted of its force, and therefore not able to use the body vigorously. The body is really then as strong as ever, as the carpenter's hammer has the same strength when his arm is too weak to use it." If you establish habits that will not permit the spirit to recuperate at night, the body will not be rested in the morning. He declares that people may control the matter if they will. Poor sleepers would do well to study this little pamphlet and heed its teachings.

IN an article upon "Mental Differences of Men and Women" in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, the author, G. J. Romanes, has labored to prove the mental inferiority of women. It is a somewhat ingenious thread of argument, but one at which women can afford to laugh. Mr. Romanes has evidently been some time intellectually worsted by a woman, hence the necessity of making this plea for man's superiority. It has not been so very long since the latter was held to be so much a matter of course that it needed no words to prove, or bolstering to hold it up. The swift progress made by woman within the last few years has alarmed men of the caliber of this writer, and he is striking blows against the inevitable in self defence. He probably fears that, equality allowed, woman will next be claiming superiority.

AMONG other things he says that women care more for society, pageants, and "scenes." It is perhaps true with regard to the first, because they have more leisure, but when we come to pageants one cannot help but wonder who gets up the processions with gorgeous displays, bands of music, etc. Nor did any woman ever wear a beautiful ball dress, nor was her vanity ever more apparent than that of a man, bedecked in a gay uniform, brass buttons, shining sword, waving plumes, and all the paraphernalia of war—in times of peace. "Lo, the conquering hero comes" is written all over the masculine form thus attired. He looks unusually well, and he knows it, and his vanity is gratified. Even on Mr. Romanes would feel, we doubt not, the moving of self-satisfaction under such circumstances.

AFTER what he himself terms the "almost brutal frankness" of the first half of his essay, he tries to soften the picture of woman's natural weakness—which kindness upon his part she should, and undoubtedly will, be supremely thankful—by advising leniency in judging of the frailties of "the opposite sex," which are, he says, "for the most part the natural consequences of our own, and even where such is not the case, we do well to remember that they are less conspicuous than our own, and also that it is the privilege of strength to be tolerant." This generosity cannot fail to move the feminine soul to its innermost depths. Words fail for the expression of her emotions.

The Primary Department.

A little lassie sometimes helps Nora shell the peas, but she "can't unbutton de hard ones."

One of the teachers in the school at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what ibs stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

A little New Yorker, four years old, walking in the country, complained to her mother of a very rocky road. "Mamma, I don't like this walk; it's too stuffery."

A bow-legged man was standing before the stove warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for a while and then broke out: "Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire, I guess; you're a-warping."

A little Comstock (Nev.) girl had brought home from the garden of a neighbor some pansies to show to mamma, as she carefully planting and watering in a patch of ground in front of her mother's door. "Think they'll do anything?" said a gentleman who was passing. "Yes, sir," said the child. "I guess they will, as soon as they get a little nequainted."

Beginning of His Prosperity.

An Alabamian, who is worth $100,000 to-day, was asked by a Western exchange how he got his start. When the war closed. "Do you mean what was the first thing I did?" he replied. "Yes." "Well, I headed across the country for Selma. When I got within ten miles of the town I stopped at a house for dinner. It was a place owned by an old chap who did a heap of blowing to egg the Confederacy on, but had not gone to war himself. He wanted to charge me a dollar greenback for the meal. I offered him $20,000 in Confederate money. He got mad, and I said: 'Here, old man, is the money you helped to make, and I'm carrying around two bullets shot into me in the way you helped to bring on. Now, come out here!' He came out, and I set to and gave him the worst licking an old fire-eater ever got, and when he hollered 'enough' I threw the money into the fire and walked off. That's the first thing I did after the war, and that's what I date my prosperity from."

Sen. Foote's Wig.

John P. Hale was a most incorrigible wag, and he delighted in making Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who in an unguarded moment had threatened to hang him as an Abolitionist, a butt for his jokes. One day, after a visit to New York, Senator Foote came smilingly in and took his seat at his desk, rather astonishing the other senators, as his previously bald pate was covered by a fine, curly, bald wig. Up rose Mr. Hale and demanded a special committee to examine the credentials "of the youthful upstart who had assumed Senator Foote's likeness and chair." Senator Foote rose up, and, bowing politely, convulsed the Senate by quickly removing the wig and hanging it on his umbrella with the observation, "With this motion on my part, which is quite in order, despite my illustrious colleague's, the committee is not necessary. There was a round of applause. *Ben: Perley Poore.*

To Consumptives,

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

MY OLD CANTEEN.

I bring you out my old canteen,
Near twenty years have passed between
The time I saw you last, old friend.
I love to think that at my end
You may be present, generous one,
That gave until your all was gone,
And filled again your good quart pouch
For march, for battle or the couch,
Of all the friends I've known or seen,
None was your better, old canteen.

Thy face revives full many a scene,
I've shared with thee, my good canteen,
Of tempting fruit, and, too, that quaffed
Thy faithful lip's refreshing draught,
Mid sultry summer's dust and heat,
In stern advance or dire retreat,
Or midst the battle's dreadful roar,
Where, falling, as his life drops pour,
He murmurs, his hot lips between,
His blessings on my old canteen.

I well know when I saw you first;
I had not then been much athirst:
You were respectable looking then,
I know I was much younger when
I grasped you in my hand and slung
You over my shoulder; we were young.
Moth eaten now's your dusty coat,
And partly rusty is your throat;
But no new one shall come between
Our old-time love, my good canteen.

You know the men who kissed your lips;
Some died in battle; some in ships;
Some in hospitals far from home;
Some in prisons starved alone;
Some turned from the good drink you gave;
Some fill, perchance, a drunkard's grave;
Some are in the fight for daily bread,
Are quite successful; some are dead.
Few better men were ever seen
Than shared thy love, my old canteen.

Fragments from the Field.

John Blair, of Co. C, 38th O. V. I., Sturgis, Mich., writes that Grover knocked the wind out of him by vetoing the pension bill, and although he was a Democrat before, he can no longer train in that crowd. He was in the war and saw the elephant, but has no use for a pension.

John Goodrich, Co. B, 11th Mo. Vet. Vol. Inf., of Higginsville, Mo., writes that he has seen nothing in the CAMP FIRE from his company. He refers to the heavy fighting of the regiment in Tennessee, the two days' fight in Nashville, the difficult march to the Tennessee river through mud and snow, and the trip to Eastport.

George A. Strayer, a member of the Buckeye Brigade, 2d Brig. 1st Div. 11th A. C., Co. D, 107th O. V. I., urges the boys to come forward with their bundles, and to stand firm for J. G. Blaine and Robert Lincoln in 1888.

J. C. Yarger, of Wisterman, Putnam county, O., says that he was a member of the 118th O. V

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with

U. S. Signal Office.

James Watson, Portland, Oro.:

Will the BLADE Question Bureau please explain the workings of the United States signal office.

The signal service was first organized for military purposes. In war it is very necessary that different parts of an army should be able to communicate readily and quickly with each other, and therefore a special service was organized, equipped with flags, torches, heliostats, telegraph and telephone lines, and other instruments of communication, and instructed in a code of signals, which, while intelligent to themselves, were meant to be a complete mystery to all others. Such a service has been attached to the United States army for many years, but the meteorological division of this service is of recent creation. February 9, 1870, a joint resolution of Congress first imposed upon the Signal Service bureau the duty of "giving notice by telegraph and signal of the approach and force of storms." The duty was cheerfully accepted, and under the charge of its chief officer, General Albert J. Meyer, was admirably performed. So quickly and well were its meteorological observations made that the new bureau won the confidence of scientific men immediately, and in 1874 the Smithsonian institution turned over its entire body of volunteer civilian weather observers to the direction of the Signal Service. The telegraph facilities of the service soon led to a new system, that of simultaneous weather observations and instantaneous reports. This gave the central office valuable data on which to base a scientific study of the weather, and largely increased general confidence in its predictions. The network of signal lines now extends over the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico, including the West Indies, to the Canadian frontier, and daily reports are also received from the Canadian Dominion and its outlying posts. Perhaps the most important work of the bureau is that on the Western frontier. The system of telegraph communication here includes five divisions, the Arizona, the Texas, the Northwestern, the Washington Territory, and the New Mexico and Colorado divisions, covering a total of over 6,000 miles of wire and about 140 stations. Tri-daily observations are taken at all the stations East and West at 7 a. m., 3 p. m., and 11 p. m., Washington time. We should immediately put upon the wires. So nearly are these observations simultaneous, and so carefully are the differences of time calculated, that they are usually all concentrated at the central office within about 35 minutes. The readings of the barometer; and of exposed and wet-bulb thermometers; the direction and velocity of the wind; the amount of rain or snow fallen since last reports; the kind, amount, and direction of movement of the clouds; the cirrus, haze, fog, smokiness, frost, etc., to which river stations add readings of the river gauge, and the seacoast stations the direction and character of the ocean swell. These data, received at the central office, are made the basis of draughting seven graphic charts, the first showing the barometric pressures, temperatures, winds and state of weather prevailing at the moment of observation; the second showing the dew points at all stations; and the third the cloud conditions visible from the different reporting stations. The fourth and sixth charts show the normal barometric pressures and temperatures, and existing variations therefrom in the same general mode; and the fifth and seventh show the deviations or departures from the normal condition in these particulars, for the previous 24 hours. Armed with all this charted material, and taught by long experience how to reckon the probable course of storms, to communicate the signal officer proceeds to calculate the probabilities of the weather at the different points on his chart for the next 24 or 48 hours. These probabilities or "weather bulletins" are immediately sent by telegraph to all the stations, and made public through the daily press. Special "farmers' bulletins" are also printed and sent to small towns and villages along most of the railroads radiating from the chief cities of the Union, to be posted in some public place. If storms are to be expected, the display of a cautionary signal is ordered at each station of the bureau. The general soundness of the plan upon which the Weather Bureau works is shown by the fact that taking into account the entire fourteen years of its existence, the percentage of verifications of its predictions has been over 85 per cent.

The Knights of Labor.

A. B. Jones, Atchison, Kas.:

Give a history of the organization known as the Knights of Labor?

In 1869 a society was formed in Philadelphia by Uriah S. Stevens among the clothing cutters of that city. Its object was to protect its working classes and aid in the development of skilled labor, and from the first its founder cherished the idea of developing it into a National organization. In 1871 a third branch was regularly organized as Local Assembly No. 1. A ritual was adopted, and the society was called the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. All its workings and even its name were to be kept by members of an obsolute secret, under penalty of dismissal; all necessary public reference, as the announcement of meetings through the press, etc., being made by the use of five asterisks. In 1881 the name was made public. The order increased in Philadelphia until nearly all trades were represented in it, and branches were formed in many other cities. In 1878 a general assembly of delegates was formed, a general executive office of general master workman. As now organized the order consists of an executive board, composed of a president and three members, elected annually in October by the General Assembly. This assembly is composed of delegates from the district assemblies, which in turn receive funds and delegates from the local assemblies, all being subject to the executive board. The local assemblies are each formed generally, of workers in one trade, but there are also mixed assemblies, which unite workers in various trades. The motto of the order is—"An injury to one is the concern of all." Its declared aim is to organize, agitate and educate, with a view to the final solution of the labor problem; also to improve the condition of the working classes, and to prevent injustice to employers through the part of employees. Any person over 18 years of age, who is of good standing in his trade, is eligible to membership without regard to sex, color, creed or nationality, unless he belongs to one of the "prohibited classes," i. e., bankers, brokers, lawyers or liquor-dealers. The cost of membership consists of initiation fees, which are regulated by each local assembly for itself; monthly dues, varying according to the needs of the assembly, and a small tax for the support of the general assembly. The order has an insurance branch, organized on the mutual benefit plan.

The Sabbath.

H. Dudleyville, Bond Co., Illinois.

Has the Sabbath day ever been changed, if so when and by whom. Answer and oblige many readers?

Sabbath is the name applied to every seventh day, widely observed as a day of cessation from toil throughout the world. The Jews and one sect of christians observe Saturday as the Sabbath, while other Christians demonstrations observe the first day or Sunday of each week as the Sabbath. Both Jews and Christians claim special authority from the fourth commandment of the Decalogue, (The 10 Commandments.) The law was founded upon the fact that in six days the Lord made the world and rested from his labor during the seventh day, and hence directed that each seventh day thence forward should be observed as a Holy day. The first record of its observance by the Jews is mentioned in Exodus XV, 25, when, in addition to its being observed in remembrance of the original rest day of the Creation, it was celebrated also in memory of the miracle of the feeding of the Jews from Egyptian bondage. There can be no doubt about its meaning in the Old Testament. It is intended as a principal testimony of faith in the Creator of the universe. Hence its supreme importance. The words of the law were: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. For in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, and hallowed it." (See also Deut. V, 5.) Those who keep the first day of the week as Sabbath argue that there is no proof that the Jewish custom originally began on the seventh from the creation; that as the Jews made it a memento of the creation, and their liberation from bondage, so Christians may well observe it weekly on the day when the resurrection of the Saviour took place. The exact date of the substitution of the first for the seventh day of the week as the day for the proper observance of Sabbath is not known. At first the Christians observed both the seventh and the first. The change as to the proper substitution of the first for the seventh was early made, and is now recognized either as binding or prudential by most Christian communities.

Childrens' Day.

S. F. Bailey, Good Intent, Kans.:

1. Will you please tell us something about "Children's Day?" What day does it come on, its origin? 2. What is gun cotton? 3. How fast does sound travel—thunder for instance?

1. Childhood is the most attractive period of life. It is suggestive of home and heaven. It is associated with blooming flowers and singing birds. It recalls the tenderest memories and awakens the deepest emotions. It captures the heart of universal mankind. Our Savior attached the greatest importance to it. He took little children in his arms and blessed them. The observance of Children's day as a church festival dates back to the year 1860. It originated with the Unitarians in the month of May, and was observed as an exclusively floral service. The children brought floral offerings, and arranged them attractively in the churches. The pastors of those churches preached sermons adapted to the children, and all the exercises of the day were conducted in their interest. In 1862 the Baptist church adopted the custom, adding thereto the idea of instruction in the duty of Christian giving to the church benevolences. In connection with the floral offerings and musical exercises, the children were taught the duty, as well as privilege, of adding in the support of the various benevolent objects of the church. Shortly after, the Presbyterian church began the celebration of the day, with no substantial variation in the custom as observed by the Baptists, except to give it greater prominence as a distinctively children's affair, by enlisting the little folks in recitations, dialogues, and musical exercises.

It remained for the Methodist Episcopal church to bring it to its highest point of efficiency. In development of the idea, this Central Centenary committee, in November, 1865, proposed to found a Children's Educational fund, as a branch of the General fund, to be largely endowed by the offerings of children themselves, who might in time receive its benefits in securing an education. The committee issued an address to Sunday school superintendents all over the land urging its importance and feasibility. The following extract will show the wisdom of the project. "It must have occurred to you that there now exists no link binding academies and colleges to our Sunday schools. Many of our institutions are unknown to our scholars. May not the plan proposed be the providential one to connect the religious and intellectual systems of education in our church? And, further, we do not find just before an answer to the question so often raised in Sunday school conventions: 'What shall be done to save our older scholars to the church?' We have, in round numbers, a million of Sunday school scholars. If too high a mark to suppose that by proper efforts they will raise an average of a dollar each? May not a million of children contribute and collect a million of dollars? The honor of Methodism is in your keeping. Speak the word, and little hands and hearts shall be employed in the great centenary offering. Inscribe on your banner, 'A dollar for every child; a million for the children's monument.'"

This recommendation of the committee met with general favor. In the outcome of the centenary efforts of 1866, it was found that the children had contributed their educational fund the sum of $60,674.40. This Children's Educational Fund did grand service, using the language of our Discipline, in aiding "meritorious Sunday school scholars in obtaining a more advanced education."

The claims on this fund increased so rapidly with the multiplication of Sunday schools, and the growing needs of the church for Christian services, a plan was adopted for one increase of this fund. It was thought advisable to take a collection for this fund in our Sunday schools on a given day every year. The first official notice of it appears in the Discipline of 1868, in these words:

"We further recommend that efforts be made through the Sabbath schools of the church to augment the Children's fund. We recommend that the second Sabbath in the month of December be annually observed as the Children's day; and that in each Sabbath school we attempt the collection of an average of five cents for each child enrolled."

In 1872 the following rule of the church was enacted, it now stands in ¶ 262 of the Discipline: "Sec. 6. It is recommended that the second Sunday in June be everywhere observed as Children's day, and that wherever practicable collection be taken in the Sunday school in aid of the Sunday school fund of the board of education." One of the happiest inspirations that was ever vouchsafed to a Church was that which prompted our authorities to substitute a Children's day as a special auxiliary to the Children's Educational Fund. In 1884 the General Conference emphasized its former rule by the following section: "Sec. 6. It is hereby made the duty of ministers, churches, and Sunday schools from this time forward to enter heartily into the observance of Children's day on the plan originally proposed and distinctly defined in the Discipline of the church, for one use to which the Sunday school fund and its proceeds are applied is to aid worthy and needy young persons, graduates from our Sunday schools, in acquiring a higher education in the literary and theological schools of our church. By this silent yet efficient action of the fund more than 3,000 such persons have been aided within the last twelve years to an amount of nearly $350,000. 2. Gun cotton is an explosive substance obtained by subjecting common cotton to the action of strong nitric acid. It was first brought to public notice in 1846 by Prof. Schonbein, at Basel, Switzerland. 3. The velocity of sound is 1,090 feet per second in temperature of 32 deg. Fahrenheit (an ordinary thermometer). It increases almost exactly one foot in velocity for each degree in temperature above 32 degrees.

The Madstone.

Joseph Bradley, East Leavenworth, Mo.:

1. Give something about the madstone. Is there any virtue in them, or are they a humbug? 2. Give sketch of the salamander.

1. There are many persons who believe the madstone will cure the effects of a dog bite, but there is no reason for so believing. It is one of those superstitions that only have to be studied to be discredited. There are only five real madstones, so current history says, in the United States. One of these is in the hands of an Indiana man, for which he claims he paid $100. In using the stone for a dog-bite, it is first put in lukewarm water for a few moments, and then applied to the wound, the latter being made to bleed lightly. Then, if there is any poison in the system, the stone immediately adheres, and will continue to do so until the poison is all out of the system and is full. When the stone falls off it is again placed in the warm water for a few minutes, when it will be covered with a white scum, which they claim is the poison that it has extracted. This is continued as long as the stone will stick. When it is believed that the poison has all been absorbed, and the patient is discharged as cured. If the stone refuses to stick to the wound in the first place, then it is claimed that there is no poison in the blood, and the charge is but $5. If several applications are necessary to remove all the poison the charge runs as high as $25. 2. Salamander, a genus of Batrachinus, of the family Salamandridæ, which name is also belong. The name is, indeed, sometimes extended to the whole family; nerots being called aquatic salamanders, and the name Terrestial salamander given to the Geotriton, a species of tritons which in mid water only in their tadpole state, generally living in moist places, as under stones, roots of trees, etc. The general form is very similar to that of nerots, but the tail is round, and not flat as in nerots.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. W. C. Amundson:

Please send me the postoffice address of George W. Childs, and greatly oblige.

Philadelphia.

Soldier Wife, Centerville, Kan.: The BLADE published the "Bivouac of the Dead" in May, 1885, and cannot republish. The author died many years ago, and is buried, we think, at Louisville.

B., Newmille, Mo.:

1. What is the name of the confederate general killed at Shiloh A. S. Johnson or Johnston? 2. Your authority for either?

1. Gen. Johnston. 2. Any encyclopedia.

W. F. W.:

Who is Jenquin Miller?

Joaquin Miller, an American lawyer, editor and poet, born in Cincinnati in 1841. He is a prolific and able writer. Was held prisoner by the Indians 1854-1859.

C. R., Redfield, Kan.:

1. What was done with Maxwell, the Southern Hotel murderer? 2. Where does Col. Ingersoll reside?

1. Maxwell was sentenced to death on the gallows, and is now waiting his doom. 2. Chicago.

W. H. A., Pratt, Kan.:

In the game of croquet, can a ball after it becomes a rover play on other balls, once or more than once?

According to which rule you are playing. There are three different authorities, each giving the "Rover" distinct powers.

H. A. D., Mansfield, Ill.:

I desire to know through your Question Bureau, why Delaware is called the "blue hen state?"

Delaware is called the Blue Hen State because Capt. Caldwell of the 1st Delaware regiment said, in speaking of it, that no fighting cock could be true game unless its mother was a blue hen.

Mrs. H. H. Chapman, Rockwood, Mich.

Please name the different weddings in their proper times and rotations, such as tin wedding, etc?

At the end of 1st year, Cotton wedding; 2nd year, Paper wedding; 3rd year, Leather wedding; 5th year, Wooden wedding; 7th year, Woolen wedding; 10th year, Tin wedding; 12th year, Silk and Fine Linen wedding; 15th year, Crystal wedding; 20th year, China wedding; 25th year, Silver wedding; 30th year, Pearl wedding; 40th year, Ruby wedding; 50th year Golden wedding; 75th year, Diamond wedding.

C. Mellinger, Springfield, Mo.:

Please give a description of Lower California, or the peninsula.

Lower California, from end to end, is one ridge of steep and rugged mountains, which here and there rise to about 5,000 feet above the sea. A few favored spots yield fruits and grains in abundance; but, generally speaking, the productions are unimportant, for even trees, and those of no great size, are found only towards the southern extremity of the country. The population does not exceed 25,000. The oldest and most considerable town is Loretta, on the east side, containing barely 1,000 inhabitants. On the west side is the harbor formed by the Bay of Magdalena and the Island of Santa Margarita.

T. B. Y., Fremont, O.:

Give a short sketch of the inhabitants of New Zealand.

The government of New Zealand is administered by a governor appointed by the crown, and a ministry, a legislative council nominated by the crown, a house of representatives elected by the people. Grammar and free schools, endowed from the public revenues of provinces, various colleges, and a university in Otago, are the principal educational institutions. A very large proportion of the population of European descent can read and write, especially in Otago. Missionary enterprise began in 1814, favored by various chiefs, who made grants of land to the missions. The missionaries not only labored to convert the natives, but introduced improved agriculture among them.

P. A. Snow, Keystone, Iowa:

Please give a short sketch of Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone was a famous backwoodsman and trapper, born in Virginia, 1735. He planted an expedition into Kentucky, then almost unknown. On June 7, 1769, with five companies, he reached the Red river, north of Kentucky. Boone was captured by the Indians, but escaped, and accidentally falling in with his brother, who had pursued his track, they lived together in a cabin during a whole winter. Boone was engaged as the agent of the Carolina company in purchasing lands on the south side of the Kentucky river where, in 1775, he built a fort on the site now occupied by the town of Boonesborough. After many skirmishes and encounters with the Indians, Boone removed, in 1798, to Upper Louisiana, where the Spanish authorities gave him a grant of 2,000 acres of land. He settled with his children and followers at Charette, on the Missouri river, beyond the inhabited limits of the country, where he followed his favorite occupations of hunting and trapping bears until his death, which occurred in 1822.

N. B., Hamilton, Mo.:

Would you please give, through the BLADE, the recipe for making orange ink; also for making blue ink?

For blue ink dissolve bassic or soluble Prussian blue in pure water. This is the most permanent and beautiful blue ink known. The known orange ink is balled gold ink. Genuine gold leaf is rubbed with honey on a plate of agate or ground glass by means of a flat pestle, until the whole presents a uniform mass. This mass is placed in a vessel with pure water which will dissolve the honey and leave the gold in an extremely disintegrated state behind. The water has, according to the size of the vessel, to be removed two or three times when all the saccharine matter will be washed away. The remaining gold is then mixed with a sufficient quantity of gum Arabic, shaken well, and is ready for use. The writing is to be rubbed after drying with a flat piece of ivory, when it will present the lustre of pure gold.

J. C., Alton, Kansas:

Please give through your paper whether or not the Odd Fellow lodge originated from the Masonic lodge; give date when the Odd Fellow lodge was organized?

The Odd Fellows, was the name assumed by one of the most extensive self-governed provident associations in the Netherlands. The institution was originated in Schiedam in 1812, although isolated "lodges" had existed in various parts of the country for some time previous. These latter were generally secret fraternities, humble imitations of Freemasonry—adopting similar system of initiatory rites, phraseology, and organization—instituted for social and convivial purposes, and only occasionally extending charitable assistance to members. The institution in Manchester, the main purpose of the Odd Fellowship was declared by its laws to be to render assistance to every brother who may apply through sickness, distress, etc. The society was organized in 1809, but only became permanently founded in 1819 when Thomas Wildey and four others organized a lodge in Baltimore calling it Washington lodge No. 1.

H. E. W., Belmont, N. Y.:

Please answer through the columns of the BLADE how artificial gold or oroide is made?

Oroide, or artificial gold is manufactured to a great extent in the United States into jewelry, and other articles, scarcely distinguishable from the real article except by its inferior gravity; and it is a matter of surprise that almost every body to whom that it does not contain a single grain of gold. It is made by taking 100 parts of pure copper, 17 of pure tin, 6 of magnesia, 9 of tartar of commerce, 3 of fused muriate, and 6 of nitre. The copper is first melted, and the other substances (except the tin) added, a little at a time, and the whole well stirred for 30 minutes, so as to produce a perfect mixture, when the tin is thrown in and stirred around until melted. The crucible is then covered and the fusion kept up for 25 minutes, and the scum taken off, when the substance is ready for use. It is malleable, and may be hammered into any form, even into leaves like gold. The alloy may be also made by substituting granulated zinc for tin, but it will not retain its brilliancy so long as when tin is used.

Jennie May, White Spencer, Ia.:

In what year was petroleum discovered?

Petroleum has been known for over 2,000 years to the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was but little known during the middle ages except in certain localities where it was found in great quantities. Petroleum is very widely distributed, but there are only a few locations especially noted for its occurrence, among them the following: Alsace and other places in the north of Italy, which have furnished the petroleum used for lighting the cities of Parma and Genoa; Baku, on the border of the Caspian; the slopes of the Caucasus Mountains in Burmah; the island of Trinidad, and portions of the province of Ontario, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and California. The occurrence of petroleum at the headwaters of the Allegheny was known to the early settlers. The Indians collected it on Seneca lake, and it was sold as a medicine under the name of Seneca, or Genesee oil. The manufacture of commercial products dates from 1857 in Ohio, when it was first looked upon in Pennsylvania as a valuable commodity.

A. C. D., Anchor, Ill.:

1. Between what ages must a person be to enter West Point? 2. On what conditions and how would a person proceed to enter one of the naval academies of the United States.

1. Over 17. 2. The United States Naval Academy was First opened October 10, 1845. The credit of its foundation is attributed to the Hon. George Bancroft, the secretary of the navy at that time. The course of instruction at first occupied five years, of which three were passed at sea. In 1850 the course was changed to seven years; in 1851 was shortened to four years, and in 1873 was fixed at six years—as it still remains—the last two to be spent at sea. The academy was removed to Newport, R. I., in May, 1861, but was taken back to Annapolis in September, 1865. The Navy department has direct supervision of all the affairs of the school. There are to be allowed in the academy one naval cadet for every member of the House of Representatives, appointed at his nomination, one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large by the President. The number of appointments for each year, however, is limited to 30, which are chosen from the whole number of applicants by means of competitive examinations. A candidate must be from 14 to 18 years of age. The successful candidate on becoming students of the academy receive the pay of naval cadets—$500 per annum. Cadets who graduate are appointed in the order of merit to the lower grades of the line and of the engineer corps of the navy and the marine corps, as far as vacancies occur. But such appointments can not be made in excess of vacancies, and graduates who can not be appointed receive an honorable discharge with one year's sea pay. The course of instruction is very thorough, involving a thorough pursuit of mathematics, steam engineering, physics, mechanics, seamanship, ordnance, history, law, etc.

A $727,779,496 Farm.

Only 70 years ago a large portion of the territory comprising the state of Wisconsin, with a section of Minnesota, was sold for $100,000, and the deed is recorded in the New York register's office. The sale was made by Samuel Peters to a syndicate, for there were syndicates in those days as well as in this. The sale was made in January, 1817, and the syndicate was composed of Lewis Ayres and 99 others. It is described as a large tract of land in the Northwestern territory, containing 8,000,000 acres and more. It comprised the greater portion of the land sold in 1767 to Jonathan Carver by the Nandawassies tribe of Indians. Carver received 160,000 acres. The description is as follows:

Running from the falls of St. Anthony from the east bank of the Mississippi nearly east as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa river joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days' travel, accounting 20 English miles per day; and from thence north six days' travel at 20 English miles per day; and from thence again to the Falls of St. Anthony. There is reserved to the Indians the sole right to fish and hunt on unimproved land.

There is a population of 1,315,497 in Wisconsin at this date, and the value of the farm products is $727,779,496.

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THE FIRMAMENT IN JULY.

Some of the Interesting Points About the Starry Expanse.

The great astronomical event of the month of June was the apparent arrival of the sun at the northerly limit of its journey across the firmament, which had been in progress during the preceding six months. The most northerly point was reached on June 21. On that day the great central orb of the solar system arrived at its summer standing point. It was then about 23½° north of the equator, and that day, throughout the entire region north of the equatorial line, was the longest day of the 365. The movement in the contrary direction then began, although to the ordinary observer, no apparent change in the sun's position or diminution in the length of the day would be noticeable until about ten or twelve days subsequently.

The great astronomical event of July, therefore, may be said to be the beginning of the sun's march to the southward. On each succeeding day for the next six months it will be seen to rise, culminate and set at steadily increasing distances from the points touched in the closing days of June, its path from east to west in the heavens will be noticed to gradually shorten as the days pass, while the length of the days north of the equator will, as a consequence, decrease, and that of those south of it increase. The most southerly point in the sun's journey will be reached on December 21, when its northerly march will again begin. During July the sun will pass from Gemini into Cancer.

When the month of July opens the moon will have passed beyond its first quarter stage. It will be full on the 4th, arrive at its last quarter on the 12th, and its crescent gradually growing narrower, it will overtake and pass the sun on the 20th, when its new stage begins. The first quarter will be completed seven days later.

The moon in its march through constellations will be in conjunction during July will be in Libra on the 1st, Scorpio on the 2d and 3d, Sagittarius on the 4th and 5th, Capricornus on the 6th and 7th, Aquarius on the 8th and 9th, Pisces on the 10th, 11th and 12th, and Aries on the 13th and 14th. The moon, between the latter date and the 20th, will rise at steadily increasing intervals after midnight, passing successively through Taurus and Gemini and appearing on the upper side of the sun for a few minutes on the 21st, on Cancer. On the 22d and 23d it will be in the constellation Leo, on the 24th, 15th and 26th in Virgo, on the 27th and 28th in Libra, the 29th and 30th in Scorpio, and the 31st in Sagittarius.

During July, as during the two or three previous months, Venus will occupy the post of honor among the planets. It has passed out of the constellation Cancer and entered Leo, where it will remain during the month. Venus will reach its farthest point eastward from the sun on July 18, and between that time and September 21, the duration of its visibility after sunset will steadily decrease. Between these dates it will gradually approach the sun, on the latter of which it will pass over on the other side of the great central luminary, and be lost to sight in the evening sky for the remainder of the year. During that period it will be morning star, appearing and dispiaying its glories in the easterly firmament before sunrise. The planet will not be at its brightest as evening star until August 15.

Jupiter still holds the second place among the planetary and stellar luminaries of the evening sky. It is in fine position for observation in the northern hemisphere of the Virginia regions, and makes its appearance before any other orb except Venus becomes visible. Although moving eastward with respect to the so-called fixed stars, the sun moves faster and is gradually overtaking it. At the beginning of July it does not set until about two hours after midnight, but at the close of the month it disappears about the same time as earlier evening.

Saturn will not be favorably situated for observation during July. On the 1st it will set about an hour behind the sun, and will remain above the horizon at that time only about an hour later that body.

Uranus is still in the constellation Virgo, and is a little farther west of Spica, the leading brilliant in that group, than Jupiter is east of it.

Mercury reaches its greatest elongation eastward from the sun on July 1. At that time it will be in a favorable position for observation. When at or near its greatest distance east or west from the sun, persons possessed of good eyesight and favorably situated to catch a glimpse of it without the aid of a telescope, if the region of the sky in which it is situated be clear, providing the person wishing to find it knows the exact spot in which it is located.

Mars and Neptune still set before the sun and will not be visible in the evening at any time during the month.

Among the conspicuous fixed stars Spica, Arcturus, Antares, Vega and Altair will be in a position to be visible during most of the night during the month. Spica may be readily found from its proximity to Jupiter, being southwest of that planet. Arcturus is farther north, and slightly farther east than Spica, and will be near the zenith at the beginning of the month, soon after sunset. Antares will be found in the southeast in the early hours of the evening, and is a little farther from Spica in that direction than Arcturus is in the other. Vega will be in the northwest then, and will have reached the point overhead about midnight. Vega is about twice as far from Arcturus as the latter is from Spica. Altair rises in the easterly quarter of the horizon early in the night. All these are first magnitude stars, and they are the only first magnitude stars in the region which they occupy.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Ancient Joke, But it Catches 'Em.

The old practical joke of a half-dozen young fellows raising dripping wet umbrellas in the main doorway of a public hall at the close of an entertainment before a crowded house on a starlight night, was played with success a few evenings ago in Harlem. The news of the unexpected and most unwelcome storm was communicated to others by those of the audience who first saw the umbrellas and in that way it became the exciting and exclusive subject of conversation throughout the building. Gentlemen carefully covered their silk hats with their coat sleeves, rolled up the ends of the legs of their trousers and turned up their coat collars. Ladies prepared themselves in the conventional way for a provoking walk to the cars, and others sent their gallant escorts flying after umbrellas, coaches and waterproofs. In about ten minutes the real state of things, the pretty how-to-do, had been discovered, and then came unbounded hilarity and a resolve on the part of the weatherbound boys to try it on somewhere themselves.—*New York Times.*

Abraham Lincoln as a Dry Goods Clerk.

When Abraham Lincoln was a clerk in a dry goods store he sold a woman a little bill of goods, amounting in value by true reckoning to $2.06¼. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken 6¼ cents too much. It was night, but closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied. This is a very humble incident, but it illustrates the man's perfect conscientiousness, his sensitive honesty, better perhaps than if it had been of greater moment.

Oh, these Kind Mammas!

Rather a good story is told of one of the students who graduated a few years since. It appears that Mr. ——, who lived some distance from the city, had spent considerable time on a very elaborate set of cribs, in preparation for a certain difficult examination. On the eventful morning he unfortunately left them at home. The examination had scarcely commenced when his fond mother walked into the room, having taken the next train down, with the cribs, and handed them to the professor, saying: "Will you kindly give these to my son; I know they are important, as he said he could not pass without them." Her son's feelings can be better imagined than described.—*Columbia College Spectator.*

Postage on Transient Newspapers.

Persons other than publishers or news agents are allowed to send by mail newspapers, periodicals or other printed matter at the rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof. Should the package weigh a fraction over four ounces two cents are required. The requisite postage must invariably be paid in advance, or the package will not be sent. Persons who do not mail newspapers frequently are likely to err in this respect through forgetfulness or want of information. In weighing papers for the mail it is the safer rule to consider down weight as over-weight and stick on another stamp.

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ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

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CHOICE MORSELS.

Attic Salt for Epicurean Literary Palates.

Man was created first. Woman was a sort of re-creation.

There are some women who wouldn't be happy in a mansion in heaven unless they could clean house about once every three months.

Enfant Terrible (patting his Uncle Jack's bald head)—Say, Uncle Jack, is that where you get spanked when you're naughty?

A recent number of a contemporary contained the following advertisement: "Wanted—A walnut-wood cottage pianoforte by a bachelor with carved legs."

"Here, waiter, this salmon isn't nearly as fresh as that we had on Sunday." "Not as fresh as it, sir you had on Sunday, sir? Must be, sir. Same salmon, sir!"

"Here, the paper says: 'The new theater is patronized by the upper ten.' Pray, who are they?" "The folks in the gallery, of course."—*Humoristiche Blatter.*

He—You don't sing or play? Then I presume you write or paint? She—Oh, no; I'm like the young men we meet in society—I simply sit around and try to look intelligent.

Fogg thinks that he sees a similarity between the Alsace-Lorraine provinces and original English plays, because the former, like the latter, was taken from the French.

A Spaniard, in the first pages of his English grammar, desiring one evening at table to be helped to some boiled tongue, said: "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

Fond mother—Well, Bessie, now that you have seen your cousin Walter, what do you think of him? Did he leave a pleasant impression? Bessie—Oh, yes, mamma; he kissed me.

Harry Turn recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that one good turn deserves another.

A very wealthy young woman questions her confessor. "Is it a sin, father," she asks, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?" "Certainly, my child; it is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

Flanagan (rising excitedly from the table after tasting an olive for the first time)—It's sorry I'd be to disturb the hilarity of the manes, gentlemen, but I believe some one has been salt in' the guseberries, bad scran to him!

Sutherland Edwards has published a novel called "What Is a Girl to Do?" That depends somewhat. If she wants to climb over a fence she is to look cautiously in every direction, gather her skirts in one hand, then change her mind and crawl under.

"See here, doctor," said a patient; "isn't it time you physicians came down a little in your price? It makes a good deal of difference, you know, when a fellow has been sick how much he has to pay when he gets well." "I'll see that it makes to difference to you," grimly responded the doctor.

Lady—"I don't think it right of people to go such lengths in decorating their churches. Look at these artistic paintings, those beautiful figures of saints, those lovely angels. What a disturbing effect it must have on the worshippers!" Gentleman—"In that case, madam, you ought yourself to be forbidden to attend church."—*Unsere Frauen.*

Young Poet (to friend)—"Well, Charley, I've sworn off." Friend (enthusiastically)—"I'm heartily glad of it, old boy; and all of your friends will feel the same way. Let's go and have a drink." Young Poet—"Didn't I just tell you that I had sworn off drinking?" Friend (disappointed)—"You didn't say you had sworn off drinking. I supposed you had

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

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THE PROHIBITION BATTLE IN FAR-OFF OREGON.

The vote on the Prohibition amendment to the constitution of Texas occurs in August, and that in Tennessee and Oregon on November 8. While the campaign is in full tide in the two former states, that in Oregon is just beginning. This state is so far away that people in this part of the country hear but little of the efforts there making for Prohibition; but its friends are as energetic and determined as they are in any other part of the Union, and they will make a most determined effort to wrest their young commonwealth from the dominion of the Rum Power.

Oregon is a sparsely settled state. With an area of 95,274 square miles—one of the largest in the Union—it has a population of only between 300,000 and 350,000. The largest city in the state is Portland, with some 40,000 population—practically about one-eighth of that of the entire state. The next largest city is Astoria, with some 6,000 people. The outlook is very favorable for the success of the amendment. The rural districts are relied on to vote largely in its favor. Portland will probably go against it. In Astoria the friends of the amendment hope to win through the insolence and arrogance of the Rum element, who have long ruled the politics of the town with a high hand. It is believed that the local assembly of Knights of Labor will vote solidly for the amendment as a rebuke to this intolerant rule of the saloons. The fight will be a bitter one, but the dominion of Rum is so absolute that the town will probably give a majority against the amendment.

The worst feature of the case, for the immediate future, at least, is the fact that the local option law of the state has been decl-red unconstitutional by the Supreme court, and if the amendment shall be defeated Oregon will be relegated to the dominion of free whisky, until such time as the legislature shall be enabled to pass restrictive laws.

The arguments used by the advocates of Rum against the amendment are the same as those used in Michigan this spring, and now brought forward in Texas and Tennessee. The old scarecrow that "Prohibition will ruin all kinds of business" is being shaken in the faces of the voters, and we are informed that the more ignorant among the citizens of Oregon—men who have had no opportunity of reading up on the other side of the question—are more or less impressed thereby. Let us look at it a little.

Let us take the case of the city of Astoria. By a recent letter from that state we are informed that it contains 60 saloons. It is the center of the Columbia river salmon-canning industry, and there is a large transient population; during the season there are 3,000 fishermen at work there, and as many more Chinamen annually come to the city for work.

The whisky interest has had full swing; it has dictated the election of all the local officers for years. Candidates are always compelled to spend much money in the saloons in order to secure election, and after they have been elected to practically put their whole salaries into the saloons.

Temperate mechanics and workingmen are boycotted by the liquor men; the saloons, gambling houses and houses of prostitution annually swallow up at least $1,000,000.

Indeed, such is the situation that the liquor interest demands that every public man and every wage-earner shall be a bummer. In many establishments the sober, provident worker may consider himself fortunate if he is not run out of his place.

We have no doubt that the saloons and other hells of vice absorb at least $1,000,000 per year, if the iron rule of the Rum Power be so great that workingmen are practically forced to drink in order to hold their places. Now, suppose that the Amendment were to be adopted. Every saloon would be closed, and at least a portion of the other vicious resorts would be closed; for with Rum cut off, it is the testimony of states wherein Prohibition rules, that this is the case. Suppose that by this means one-half the annual output of money were saved to the people. What would become of that half million dollars?

All, or nearly all, of it would be spent for other things. There would be more groceries and meat and food purchased; these men and their families would wear better clothes, and the merchants would be benefited; part of it would be spent for better furniture, and in the improvement of homes. And every dollar of it would go into the avenues of legitimate trade, instead of into the pockets of the keepers of Rum-holes. What does an increase of $500,000 per year to the legitimate business interests of a town of 6,000 people mean? It means much. It means a large increase in business—the opening of more establishments, the employment of more men, the improvement and advancement of the town. This is no theoretical idea, but is a fact, proved so in the case of the towns of Kansas, as the BLADE showed a week ago. The plea of the Rum Power that Prohibition hurts business, is a transparent fraud, and the people of Oregon should know it. They should not allow themselves, by such an argument, to be diverted from aiding, at the present opportunity, the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

KING KALAKAUA'S crown totters on his head. The population of the Hawaiian kingdom is made up largely of white men, who are the only wealthy persons on the island. When the king gets out of money he convenes the legislature and has a tax levied. The white men have the bulk of it to pay, and they are getting tired of being bled. Large quantities of firearms have been imported to use in case of need, and KALAKAUA has been given to understand that the tax-bleeding must stop or his trumpery kingdom will be overset and a republic established.

MRS. LANGTRY has settled in California for the next six months, in order that she may apply for a divorce. The judge who shall grant it in order that she may marry GEBHARD should be impeached for promoting immorality. The practice of "consecutive polygamy"—or rather, in this case, concubinage—polyandry—should have no countenance from judicial tribunals. Let a woman who contemplates it join the ranks of the scarlet sisterhood, where she really belongs.

THE tomb of the Latin poet OVID has just been discovered. OVID was a renowned writer, but his works are so indecent that they can only be printed in the original Latin—and the college boys have to toil under the midnight lamp for three years in order to be able to read them.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that the efforts of the free traders to reduce the tariff, as a method of preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the United States treasury, is impractical, because it would have exactly the reverse effect. This is most certainly true, with regard to articles in extensive use—iron and steel and manufactures thereof, for instance. The imports of these products during the year 1886 produced a revenue of some $13,000,000. A reduction of the duties on these goods, say of 20 per cent., would enormously increase their importation, from the fact that the duty at present imposed is very nearly the measure of the difference of the cost of production between England and America. The importation would be so increased that the amount collected at the reduced rates of duty would yield a revenue far in excess of the $13,000,000 collected last year.

The same would be true if a reduction were made of the duties on woolen goods, which yielded $30,000,000 revenue in 1866; or on cotton goods, which brought in $12,000,000; or on silk manufactures, which yielded $20,000,000. And so we might go through the list of articles of large consumption. The net result would be, that the revenue would be increased, and the financial problem which is set for Congress to solve would be as far from a satisfactory solution as ever.

The revenue could be reduced, on the other hand, by increasing the tariff upon such goods to a point at which a profit would be impossible on foreign goods, and hence none would be imported; but it is not worth while to discuss this, as it is impossible, with the make-up of the Fiftieth Congress, that such a measure should pass.

We are constrained to repeat what we have said before—that the problem before Congress is not the reduction of the revenue, but how to apply the surplus in the treasury to the reduction of the debt, during the time that must elapse till we can call the 4½ bonds for payment—September, 1891. Let us make this point clear.

The people of the United States want the war debt paid. They are proud of our record in the reduction of the debt by about one-half since 1865. No policy which involves the perpetuation of the debt can meet with popular support, if its aim is clearly understood.

Now, if we reduce the revenue so that it is only sufficient to pay the current expenses of the government, year by year, what will we do in 1891, when we shall be able to call bonds for payment? Where is the money coming from wherewith to pay them?

The real question is, How can we apply the surplus to the liquidation of the debt between the present time and 1891? There are several things that we can do:

First, the government can go on the market, buy bonds at the current rates, and retire them.

Second, the government can anticipate the payment of interest on outstanding bonds.

Third, the government can pay off the greenbacks and retire them.

And we think the sober second thought of all intelligent people will lead to the abandonment of the revenue reduction scheme and the adoption of some mode of debt reduction as an outlet for the surplus.

THE newspaper toadies-in-ordinary to President CLEVELAND are in a hole over the rebel flag business. The next day after the order to return the flags leaked out, the Chicago *Times*, the St Louis *Republican*, the New York *Times*, the *Post*, the *Herald*, the Boston *Herald*, and the Philadelphia *Times*, came out burning editorial incense over the foolish act. Then came the storm of indignant protest from the old soldier boys and the patriotic part of the nation, and CLEVELAND'S renowned crawfish act; and these unfortunate toadies are in a perplexing predicament, which they are vainly endeavoring to cover up by the howl of "bloody shirt." The order shows clearly that the President has no idea of the popular feeling of the country, nor a just conception of the war and its results. The more sagacious Democratic papers maintained a discreet silence over the matter.

THE political storm-center seems to be gathering over Massachusetts this year. The Old Bay State elects her full list of state officers and members of the legislature—and is the only state which does that this fall. The Democrats and the mugwumps have taken off their coats, and are determined to win if they can; and his beefy excellency, the President, proposes to aid them by all the means at the disposal of the administration, to boom his second-term aspirations. We rise to remark that while the Massachusetts Republicans have a lively tussle in prospect—for the Democrats, the mugwumps and CLEVELAND form as tough a trinity as the world, the flesh and the devil—the prospects are that Republicanism will triumph. There are too many sensible voters thereabouts.

THE utter impracticability of HENRY GEORGE'S land scheme is clearly shown by these facts: The total ground rent of all the land in the United States, city and country, is computed at about $400,000,000 annually. The total annual taxation—national, state, county and municipal—is in excess of that amount. The rent would have to be increased, if GEORGE'S theory were put in practice, and the people would never receive a penny in the way of dividends; hence they would be no better off. And we may be sure that there would soon go up a cry over the vast amounts of personal property that went untaxed, sufficient to overturn the new order of things, and restore the present status.

AMERICAN inventors and machine builders have received notice that a competitive exhibition will be begun at Santiago, Chili, on November 1, at which special tests will be made of machines (hand or power) to separate foreign matter from flax and put it in a state for spinning. A premium of 000 francs will be awarded to the best machine by a jury composed of five directors of the society for the Development of the Manufacture of Textile Fabrics. The jury will take into account the perfection of products obtained, the cost of production, and the price, simplicity and solidity of the machine. The competition is open to the world.

THE secretary of the Treasury has sent a silver medal to Miss EDITH CLARK, of San Francisco, in recognition of her gallantry in rescuing from drowning a fellow-schoolmate at Oakland, Cal., August 31, 1886. We mention this fact for the benefit of the woman's rights advocates. They should move on Congress to have the life-saving service manned with women—that is, if women can "man" anything.

THE supply of lambs in Wall street must be frightfully small when the wolves go to tearing each other from hunger. JAY GOULD sucked $5,000,000 worth of Manhattan Elevated stock out of CYRUS W. FIELD by the panic the other day. We now await anxiously to have some other fellow bleed JAY to the tune of ten or twenty millions.

SWITZERLAND has settled the liquor question in the peculiar way. On May 15, a popular vote was taken on the adoption of the federal law which gives the government the sole right to manufacture and sell spiritnous liquors. The vote stood 252,791 in favor of the law and 127,474 against it.

JEFF DAVIS'S LETTER.

JEFF DAVIS writes a letter to a Baltimore paper upon the return of the rebel flags, which document is given elsewhere in this issue. He thinks the flags captured in battle on either side should not be retained as trophies, and guardedly expresses his approbation of the project for their return. He declares that

> Our men fought for principles, that they have not surrendered, but rather hopelessly lived to see the good sense of Northern men revert to the teachings of their sires, and re-establish the government according to the constitution on which it was founded.

There is the point of the whole matter. DAVIS makes the claim that the infernal doctrine of state rights, the doctrine enunciated in its most pernicious form by CALHOUN, and which was put into practical operation by the attempt at secession, is not given up, but that the South, beaten in the field, hopes to gain the final triumph by a revulsion of feeling in the remainder of the nation. We believe that he is right in the position that the Southern people have not definitely abandoned the extreme state rights theory. But the conversion of the nation to that doctrine will never be accomplished.

The war was a struggle over this question, and the result of that conflict settled it once. The man who refused to accept that settlement is a traitor. Here is where JEFF DAVIS and the Southerners who revere him and accept his teachings, are utterly wrong. The people of that small section, the South, will never be thoroughly in harmony with the great mass of their fellow-citizens until they abandon that doctrine forever, in good faith. Their pratings of loyalty are transparent lies, so ong as they adhere to the tenet that their allegiance to the state shall take precedence of their loyalty to the nation.

The passing of the control of the national government into Democratic hands by the elevation of a Northern doughface to the Presidency no doubt brought hope to many a Southern man besides DAVIS that a revolution in opinion was gradually coming over the loyal part of the nation on this point. They are mistaken. The people of the North accepted the war as a final settlement of that question, and these men of the South are the real sectionalists, in reviving it and in indoctrinating their children with its poison.

The war cost the nation too much in blood and treasure for any citizen loyal to he Union, and believing that the nation shall be the object of his highest allegiance, to look with equanimity upon the revival of the state rights issue. Let our Southern brethren drop it at once and forever, and they will find the Union really restored. Let them abandon sectional prejudice, accept the new order of things, and stop the futile effort to revive in the next generation a question settled once by the sword.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

WORK VS. WORDS.

The last issue of the New York *Voice* thus refers to a recent paragraph in this paper:

> The Toledo BLADE summarizes the platform laid down by Senator Sherman in his Springfield speech as "covering the ground which, in his opinion, the Republican party of the nation should take." There is nary an anti-saloon Republican allusion in that platform of Mr. Sherman's. Not the faintest whisper. What, friend Nasby, can be the meaning of that? Surely this is not the way to
>
> *Pulverize the Rum Power.*
>
> Surely it is! Keeping Prohibition out of politics has enabled it to triumph, through local option, in the greater portion of West Virginia, nearly all of Georgia, and in fact, nearly every Southern state; it gave Prohibition to Iowa, Kansas and Rhode Island; it will rescue three-fourths of Michigan through the local option law; and we sincerely hope it will result in the enrolling of Texas, Tennessee and Oregon in the Prohibition column this year.
>
> Point to one state where the third party has accomplished anything, before you sneer at the success of non-partisan Prohibition! Experience proves that it is the only successful way to
>
> *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

MR. POWDERLY is publicly advocating the restriction of immigration. In a public address recently he declared himself in favor of the adoption of stringent measures to stop the tide of ignorance, barbarism and pauperism flowing to these shores from the old world. In this POWDERLY voices the intelligent sentiment of the people of this country. From the rapid growth of public opinion on this subject, it is probable that it will become a prominent issue in the Congressional elections of 1888, and also figure in the Presidential contest.

THE grand jury at Jackson, Miss., has indicted JOHN S. HAMILTON and L. W. EUBANKS for the murder of R. D. GAMBRELL on May 5. If an honest, fair-minded jury can be found, these men will be surely convicted of one of the most malignant crimes in the blood-stained annals of Mississippi. The Prohibition martyr's blood will not have been shed in vain if a Mississippi man can be convicted of a crime instigated by political hatred.

JAKE SHARP, the New York boodler, has been found guilty. He is completely broken down physically, and the effort is making to create sympathy for him on this account. It would be mistaken leniency. Let the scoundrels *in posse* learn caution from the meting out of strict justice to all convicted ones of their stripe, and there will be less of the wholesale robbery of the people.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, has the genuine Democratic dislike of an efficient system of popular education. He has vetoed a bill making the examination of teachers uniform throughout the state. Yet he vetoed a liquor license bill because it was not uniform throughout the state. He appears to be doing his level best for ignorance and Rum, the two great productive factors of Democratic voters.

THE total exports of wheat and flour (the latter being reduced to wheat) from the United States during the fiscal year just closed, were 154,000,000 bushels. This is the largest total export for several years, and affords a slight ground for hope on the part of the farmers that the coming year will not be one of extreme low prices for wheat, caused by an enormous surplus.

SOMEBODY has begun talking of Gen. PHIL. SHERIDAN as a dark horse in the Republican national convention next year in case of a dead-lock between BLAINE and SHERMAN. SHERIDAN is a good enough man to be nominated on his merits, and not be taken as a *dernier ressort*.

GOVERNOR BODWELL, of Maine, has adopted measures to prevent the sale of liquor in original packages.

FOUR YEARS' LEGISLATIVE RECORD.

For the past two Congresses—the 48th and 49th—the Democratic party has held the House of Representatives by a large majority. Since December 3, 1883, the House has been presided over by the ablest Democrat in its membership, who selected the committees with a view to making the most talented men of his party serviceable to the nation in the work of the House. The people of the United States, therefore, have the right to judge the party by its record in the two last Congresses, and to assume that the work there done is the best of which the Democratic party is capable. Nor will it do, in bringing the Democracy to this test, for them to bring the plea in avoidance that the Senate during that time has been in Republican hands. There was no measure of national importance enacted by the Democratic House that was defeated by the Republican majority in the Senate. And it is to be remembered, too, that the constitution requires that all revenue measures must originate in the House; the popular branch of Congress carries the purse. The House has failed to solve the financial problem, which is the greatest one now confronting us.

When Speaker CARLISLE took his seat at the opening of the 48th Congress in 1883, he declared in his speech of thanks that "many reforms are undoubtedly necessary." What has the House over which he presides done in these four winters in the way of bringing the sorely needed reforms to pass? Nothing. The Democratic party in Congress has failed to make good the profuse promises it made in order to get into power. It has failed to reform the things it most loudly declared to need reforming. It has upheld evils that need remedy, and maintained crying abuses. The Democratic majority of the House has neither statesmanship nor ability to cope with the grave problems of government, and has not made a single new departure in legislation. All its acts that were approved by the country were in pursuance of lines of policy laid down by Republicans; and when an effort was made to elaborate a line of policy by the Democrats, the ignorance and prejudice of the Representatives of that political faith caused such dissensions and disagreements that concerted action by the majority was impossible.

Let us take a retrospective glance at the first session of the 48th Congres, in 1883. President ARTHUR'S message contained a number of important suggestions and recommendations, on topics which needed the action of Congress.

The President suggested that the fisheries question should be considered by a commission, to be provided for by Congress, as the fisheries clause of the treaty of Washington would expire on July 1, 1885.

No attention was paid to this recommendation. The fisheries clause lapsed; there has been two years of squabbling over it, and we are as far, apparently, from a settlement as ever.

He recommended additional legislation for the perfection of the act which forbids the landing of pauper immigrants on our shores. Nothing has been done.

The financial question was fully treated by Mr. ARTHUR. At that time the redemption of the 3 per cent. bonds had begun, and $305,529,000 remained unpaid. He pointed out that, at the rate at which money was accumulating in the treasury, all the threes would be paid in 1887. This has come true. He called the attention of Congress to the fact that there would then be no outlet for the surplus, and that the subject needed attention. Four years have elapsed, and nothing has been done. The surplus goes on accumulating, and the Democratic majority of the House has not had the ability to cope with the problem.

Among the other recommendations of Mr. ARTHUR were: The repeal of the timber culture and pre-emption acts, the enactment of more stringent statutes for the prevention of frauds on the pension laws, the employment of all the force of the nation in the suppression of polygamy, the extension of the law to the government of Alaska, the enactment of a reasonable inter-state commerce law, of a law for the preservation of the forests, of a law to regulate the Presidential succession, and of a law giving the President the power to veto items of an appropriation bill.

The utter lack of action on the most of these measures is well known to all intelligent readers of the BLADE. There has been an utter lack of appreciation, by the Democratic members, of the duty of the law-making power. They have acted as if the distribution of the offices were their sole official duty. Utterly incompetent to deal with the business of the nation, they are helpless now that they are in control. They have been for a quarter of a century in the opposition, and their general line of conduct has been to howl at any and all Republican measures. They can no longer do that, and are unable to do anything else. The ship of state drifts at will on the waves, and the incompetent crew and chumpy captain cannot keep her on her course. Democratic rule is an unmitigated failure.

MR. LAMAR is disturbed over the reminiscences of his past life that have become current since his being spoken of for promotion to the Supreme bench. He was so far unreconciled to the result of the war that he did not ask to have his political disabilities removed until December 17, 1872, six weeks after his election to Congress the first time. Had he done his duty, he would have done this at once—his disabilities could have been removed for the asking—and have aided in the work of rehabilitating his people, ruined by the war. He was disbarred in Mississippi for denouncing a judge of the United States court and knocking down an United States marshal in open court, because the judge did not please him in his rulings in a case in which he had no interest of any kind. He is hardly the proper man to put in a high judicial position.

IT is reported that the Masonic Grand Lodge of Missouri is enforcing the rule recently adopted for the expulsion from the order of all members engaged in the saloon business. Masonic rules of morality are very strict, and it is not surprising that an effort should be made to purify the order of the saloon element.

THAT somewhat famous person, MARIA HALPIN, is now living quietly at her home in New Rochelle, N. Y., with her husband, ALBERT SECOND, whom she has married since the campaign of 1884. He is 65, she is 35. She is spoken of a handsome brunette.

AN acute telephone girl down East has noticed at public gatherings that when the speaker can be heard only with difficulty, each listener will turn the ear he uses at the telephone; and she thus arrives at the deduction that the telephone quickens the sense of hearing.

WITH the opening of the new fiscal year a number of changes will be inaugurated in the departmental and diplomatic service at Washington. Probably the most important will be that of changing the method of compensation for consuls.

EVERY territory of the United States is demanding admission, save Alaska. What will the Democratic party do, poor thing, to prevent Republican control, when there are no more territories to which to deny admission?

THE business failures for the first half of the year in the United States are reported to be 4,912, against 5,156 for the same period in 1886. The liabilities were $55,138,000, against $50,434,000 in 1885.

CENTENNIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The thirteen original states of the Union are taking steps to celebrate, in September next, at Philadelphia, the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the United States. Next to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the establishment of the Federal government stands forth in our early history as the greatest of our achievements as a people, and the anniversary will be celebrated in a most fitting style. The following is a synopsis of the work that has already been done in furtherance of the proposed celebration:

The legislature of New Jersey in June, 1886, passed resolutions inviting the governors and representatives of the thirteen original states to assemble in Philadelphia to consider the propriety of a national celebration of the centennial anniversary of the framing and promulgation of the constitution of the United States. In accordance with this invitation a convention of the governors and representatives of the thirteen colonial states and of citizens was held at Philadelphia, September 17, 1886, in the Hall of the Carpenters' Company. There were present the governors of Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Virginia.

In consequence of resolutions adopted at this meeting, letters were addressed by the Hon. Fitzhugh Lee, governor of Virginia, as chairman of the committee of governors of the colonial states, to the governors of all the states and territories of the union, inviting them to appoint commissioners to be present at a convention to be held at Philadelphia, December 2, 1886.

In response to this request commissioners were appointed by the governors of the following states and territories, viz: Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming.

This convention of December 2, 1886, elected Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, president, and Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia, secretary. The name of "The Constitutional Centennial Commission" was adopted as the name of the commission, and it was resolved, in regard to the proposed celebration in Philadelphia in September, 1887:

First—That there be an oration and poem in commemoration of the signing of the constitution.

Second—That there be a military display, in which the United States shall be invited to be represented by each branch of its military and naval service; that the several states and territories, and the District of Columbia shall be invited to be represented by their militia and volunteer service; that the President of the United States be requested to designate officers to command the same.

Third—That there be an industrial processional display.

Fourth—That invitations to participate in the celebration be extended to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the federal judiciary, Congress and the representatives of all departments of the national government, to the governors of each state and territory, to the judiciaries and legislatures of the same and the representatives of the several departments thereof, to the commissioners of the District of Columbia and to the various civic organizations and associations of the Union, and that the resident representatives of foreign governments having friendly relations with the United States be invited to participate.

Fifth—That there be created a suitable memorial in the city of Philadelphia commemorative of the signing and adoption of the constitution, and of the progress of the nation since that period.

The following sums have been appropriated for the celebration:

Pennsylvania	$75,000
Connecticut	5,000
Rhode Island	2,500
Delaware	2,000
Massachusetts	40,000

New Jersey, Virginia and South Carolina have funds and will send troops.

The occasion will be of historic interest, and the influx of visitors to Philadelphia will recall the days of the centennial exposition in 1876.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

THAT PAPAL NUNCIO.

DR. MCGLYNN says that he knows to a certainty that negotiations are on foot to have the United States receive a Papal nuncio accredited to this government; that this minister from the Papacy will be an archbishop, one of the "Italian ring"—and, MCGLYNN declares, his presence will be "a fruitful source of corruption and enslavement for the Catholic church in this country."

While, in view of some of the extraordinary performances of the present administration, it is difficult to say what it would not do, yet we do not believe that what Dr. MCGLYNN fears will come to pass. The Pope is not a temporal sovereign. His residence is in Rome, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, whose government has a duly accredited representative at Washington. There is no more reason for there being a Papal nuncio at Washington than there is for sending an United States representative to the Vatican.

The government of the United States does not officially recognize any religion, but tolerates all. Our fellow-citizens of the Roman Catholic faith have as full freedom in the exercise of their belief as have the devotees of any other creed. There is no propriety in any church having an official credited with ministerial functions to our government, and none should be recognized. As well might the Archbishop of Canterbury send a bishop of the Anglican church to Washington and ask to have him received as the representative of that faith, to care for the interests of churchmen in the United States; or the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople do the same thing for those of his church. The Roman Catholics labor under no disabilities in this free land, neither are they entitled to any advantages over those of any other religion. Religious questions are beyond the control of the United States government.

THE following brief statement shows what Bourbon incompetency and lack of business sense in the management of governmental affairs costs the people of one state: When the Republicans retired from power in Virginia in 1883 there was $1,000,000 cash in the treasury, and the expense of running the state government was $802,002 per annum. The Democrats have had complete possession of the state since January, 1884, three and a half years. During that time they have collected nearly $900,000; the state expenses have been increased to $1,300,000 per year, and there is but little over $300,000 in the state treasury.

WE observe that certain Democratic sheets are getting into a rage because some Republican papers are declaring that CLEVELAND cannot be renominated. We hope he will be. He will be a remarkably easy man to defeat next year.

IT is probable that CLEVELAND will have the cordial support of the London press in case of his renomination, as he had in 1884. They are much pleased over his letter to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee.

THE Boston *Traveller* "rubs it in" in the following neat manner:

> Two of the President's postmasters in Ohio have been arrested for stealing the funds. Let's see, wasn't something said during the last Presidential campaign about "turning the rascals out?"

A FISCAL YEAR CLOSED.

The fiscal year of the United States closed on June 30, and as soon as the returns can be received from all parts of the country, the figures for the year just ended will be obtainable. The approximate results are, however, easily accessible. It appears that the national revenue has exceeded the estimates very largely. Internal revenue receipts are, for instance, $118,000,000, in round numbers, which is half a million in excess of the estimates. This excess is largely due to the new law taxing oleomargarine. The customs receipts are about $218,000,000, which is something like $8,000,000 in excess of the estimates. It is the largest sum ever received from this source in any year except 1882—when the receipts were $221,000,000.

While there is no anticipation at the Treasury department that the customs receipts for the year just begun will increase beyond those of the twelvemonth just closed, yet it is equally true that there is no reason to anticipate any decrease. Hence the problem that now confronts the government—"how shall the surplus be disposed of during the years to intervene until the bonds become subject to call?"—is a very grave and continuing one, and withal one that must be answered.

There will probably be no extra session of Congress this fall. Whatever is done must be done by the executive branch, under existing laws, as no help can be expected from the legislative branch before the winter. The secretary of the Treasury anticipated the July interest on the 4 per cents, which was a proper thing to do, and is now said to be considering the advisability of going upon the market as a purchaser of bonds, which will be paid for and retired.

There were some criticisms made as to his action in anticipating the July interest on the bonds, and this has a tendency to make him cautious as to becoming a buyer of bonds on government account. These criticisms, however, are either made by free traders who see now their opportunity to force their darling theory upon the people, or by persons profoundly ignorant of the law and of the facts. The law expressly gives the secretary this power. A joint resolution was adopted by Congress in March, 1864, which provided as follows:

> That the secretary of the Treasury be authorized to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt, by a period not exceeding one year, from time to time, either with or without a rebate of interest upon the coupons, as to him may seem expedient; and he is hereby authorized to dispose of any gold in the treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest on the public debt: *Provided*, That the obligation to create the sinking fund according to the act of February 25, 1862, shall not be impaired thereby.

Under this authority different secretaries of the Treasury have repeatedly anticipated the interest on our bonds. That officer may not only anticipate interest for a week, as Mr. FAIRCHILD did the other day, but he has the power to anticipate it for a year in advance.

It is a question, however, whether it is good policy to anticipate interest for any great length of time, as the bondholders reap the benefit, while the government makes nothing and loses nothing. There can be no question, however, as to the soundness of the policy of purchasing bonds, because by that the government will save money, as the BLADE has recently repeatedly shown.

There is but one thing possible which would render it inexpedient to purchase bonds, and that is, their being bought up by speculators in the expectation of making a "corner" on the government and forcing the price up to a high figure. There are no indications of this so far. But it is true that the bonds are gradually, through the revival of business, passing into the hands of the capitalists. There were 41,000 holders of registered 4 per cent. bonds a year ago, while now there are 39,000. The same state of things is true of the 4½s.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

CHEAP WHEAT.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* does not feel downhearted over the low price of wheat since the corner was broken. It expresses the opinion that growers, dealers and consumers are all going to be benefitted from the existing low prices. Here are the reasons it assigns:

> Cheap wheat means cheap flour; and no argument is needed to prove that the people who eat bread are even now reaping advantage. It costs them less to live than hitherto.
>
> Another wide-spread benefit is realized in the starting up of mills which have long been idle or only partially operated, but which will now be driven to their full capacity because wheat is cheap enough to grind without entailing actual loss.
>
> A third benefit more indirect, but not less real, will result in the lesson that has been taught to farmers in the Northwest who have exclusively wheat growers. Their failure to realize the expected large profit or, it may be, their utter loss of profit will prompt them to diversify farming; to make wheat-growing an incident rather than the sole object of their farm work, and thus avert the danger of continued over-production of wheat.
>
> This part of the result important, as it is also one of the most direct benefits sure to result from the break in wheat, will be found in the quickening of the export trade and in the clearing out of the 125,000,000 or 150,000,000 bushels surplus, which must be gotten rid of within 30 days or prove a drug and hamper upon the wheat market of the country for another twelve-month.

The BLADE has constantly urged that the price of wheat will remain low, and that it will consequently remain a profitless crop to farmers, because the wheat production of the world is now greater than the consumption. What the American farmer needs to do is to diversify his products—raise more of other crops and less of wheat.

THE great danger to the crops is now from drouth. For some time dry and parching weather has been prevailing over the whole country, and in nearly all sections this has arrived at the stage of immediate hazard. It has been particularly serious in the central belt of states, in a part of the Northwest, and in most of the South. The corn and cotton crops are weathering the emergency better than any other staples, because they are better adapted to hot weather, and because of the opportunities enjoyed by farmers to keep them in a fine state of cultivation; but these crops also have had their margins of chance somewhat reduced. The grass crop generally has rarely ever been in so untoward a condition, and in some of the principal hay states estimates of only half a yield are being adopted. The tobacco crop is being threatened with even a greater loss, and it has been already certain that not more than half a crop can be produced.

THE Grand Army boys, city council, police, and several trades assemblies, refused to take part in the Terre Haute Fourth of July celebration because SCHILLING, the Milwaukee anarchist, had been invited to make a speech and had put in his appearance for that purpose. It was a proper thing to do, and we are glad such a rebuke was administered to the anarchist sympathizers who got up the demonstration.

SECRETARY BAYARD evidently is beginning to have a glimmering of the opinion of his fellow-countrymen. He has decided not to go before the Democratic national convention next year as a candidate for the Presidency.

THE "TOWNLEY ESTATE."

For the past year or more, the BLADE has been in receipt of many letters from hopeful people all over the country, inquiring about the great "Lawrence-Townley estate" in England, and asking information as to the best method of prosecuting their shadowy claims of heirship. We have several times answered such queries by advising that neither time nor money be spent in the quest, either of that estate or of the many others that from time to time have been spoken of.

We are now able to fortify our opinion and advice by a decision, just rendered, of Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE, in the matter of this same Lawreuce-Townley estate. Col. JACQUES, the agent of a syndicate of alleged American heirs, brought suit to dispossess Lord NORREYS, the present holder of the estate in question, and pushed it vigorously. It was an action in ejectment. Lord NORREYS pleaded the statute of limitations. This would have settled the matter against the claimants; but Colonel JACQUES amended his action, and in addition alleged fraud in possession. Had it been proved that the title by which Lord NORREYS holds the lands was one obtained by fraud, the statute of limitations would have been no bar to the righting of the ancient wrong, had there been one. Lord NORREYS'S reply to the amended action was, that there was no cause of action—that is, that there was no fraud in his title.

Argument was begun on the case as amended, but the claimants of the estate were utterly unable to show the fraudulent title they alleged. Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE dismissed the case as being without merit, after hearing the claimants' counsel only. The alleged case was an utter failure. The case is ended forever, and the Lawrence-Townley "claimants" who have put money into the prosecution of a shadowy claim are poorer by their pelf but richer by their experience.

The plain lesson is, that there is not the slightest hope of success from the prosecution of any such claim for property. The statue of limitations will bar all efforts to oust the present holders, unless fraud in their title can be clearly and conclusively proved. This it is impossible to do in a claim running back, as many of the alleged claims do, from a half century to two centuries or more. The people who, animated by greed of gain, pay lawyers for handling such claims, are foolish. The only ones who gain anything are the lawyers themselves; and many a rascally one has feathered his nest for years upon the "assessments" from his dupes.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

As we announced, we "closed the polls" on June 30, and the few belated postal cards arriving since then have been unavailable. We are tabulating the result as rapidly as possible, and hope to have it ready for publication next week. It has proved to be a work of much greater magnitude than we anticipated, but the indications are that we will have it ready for next week's issue of the BLADE.

THE DRINKING SEASON.

The drinking season is fairly upon us. The soda fountains are in full blast, and everywhere signs bearing the names of a legion of "summer drinks" obtrude themselves to entrap the thirsty pedestrian. It is fair to say that there are a large number of people in this country who are in imminent danger of becoming water-logged before cold weather comes, if they continue their bibulous propensities at the rate at which they have begun. While we believe that, all things considered, pure water is the best of all drinks, yet, like many other good things, it is liable to abuse. Water is a necessity to the human organization, but there is no need of disturbing the functions of the stomach by drenching it at five-minute intervals with a dose of ice water, varying in dimensions from a pint to a quart. Yet there are plenty of people who keep up this continual swigging during hot weather.

It is safe to say that the average man drinks twice or thrice as much as he needs. He is over-heated and perspiring, and the sudden chill which follows the imbibition of a large quantity of ice-cold water is a delightful sensation. He drinks and drinks, and then wonders why his stomach refuses to properly digest food, and in fact, gives him a turn of dyspepsia. The reason is that the chilled liquid practically stops all the operations of that important organ until the water has gotten warm and has been absorbed into the circulation. The icy draught stops the secretion of gastric juice, and hinders digestion until it has all been absorbed. It is not to be wondered at the persistence in the ice-water habit during the summer months is followed by grave trouble in the digestive tract.

If ice water is

Correspondence.

A STATEMENT CORRECTED

As to the Attitude of Democratic Prohibitionists in the South.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—The Weekly BLADE of June 30 contains a statement from the Cincinnati *Times-Star* as follows:

The chief idea of the Southern people in prohibiting the sale of liquor is to prevent the use of it by colored people, for fear when once inflamed by drink, they might arise against their former oppressors and owners, and slay them. This is the argument used by Democratic Prohibitionists of the South, who use wine on their tables and whose whisky demijohn is always full.

My home has been several years in St. Louis, but I was born, reared, and lived most of my life in a Southern state. I have traveled in several Southern states and had large opportunities to see the people in their homes and to enjoy hospitalities at their tables, within the past few years, and I feel justified in saying that the above quoted statements are untrue.

The alleged fear of the negroes does not exist. During the war I lived in a Southern state, in two communities where negro slaves were numerous. Fear of negroes never once entered my mind. I never heard an expression of fear of them from man, woman or child. During the war, all over the South, where negroes abounded, they were the supporters of the women and children while the fighting men were in the army. A sign of *rising* and *singing* nowhere occurred. Such having been facts, it is absurd to talk about the white men of the present time having fears of insurrection and slaughter.

Some time since I traveled on a lower Mississippi steamer with a large cotton planter, who had been a Confederate soldier, on whose several plantations in the rich bottom of Mississippi, opposite lower Arkansas, twelve hundred negroes, including women and children, live, with not more than six white men in their midst. He said: "Negroes are naturally kindly disposed toward the whites. My wife and children have spent weeks at a time alone, with hundreds of negroes about them and no white person on the place. They never indulged a fear, and in my absences from them I never had a fear concerning them."

I was the guest of a prominent citizen of a town on the Mississippi that had once been ravaged by yellow fever. Said he: "When the fever came we hurriedly fled to the North, leaving our home unguarded in the midst of a large negro population. My wife in her hurry left her gold watch and other valuables on her bureau. When we returned after several weeks the watches and jewels were where they were left, and not a door or window had been disturbed, nor a single article removed from our premises."

Never in my travels through the South have I heard a fear of violence from the negroes. There is, in fact, much more fear of an uprising and slaughter on the part of tramps and striking white laborers in the midst of strikes in the North.

I have myself, in this city of St. Louis, been in a state of alarm, not to say of absolute terror, when the city was under the reign of a white mob of strikers. All business was suspended, the principal streets were as on the Sabbath, and the police and citizen soldiers were under arms, with guns charged and artillery loaded, and the governor, mayor and police board were in council day and night, and in continual fear of bloodshed, fire and destruction. East St. Louis, Ill., Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York and other cities and manufacturing and mining districts and railroad centers of the North are not unfamiliar with the terror inspired by an uprising of white men against employers and law and order, when militia and county authorities have been defied and state troops had to be called out to quell insurrection.

With such facts North and South as I have recited, is there not a bit of injustice to Southern Prohibitionists, when such sentiments and statements are attributed to them as have appeared in the *Times-Star*, and thence been copied into the Toledo BLADE?

I have been of voting age 45 years, but never voted the Democratic ticket but once, and then only partially, for I substituted for part of the ticket Prohibition candidates. But I am a Southern man, and write of the South as it appears to me.

The charge that Southern Democratic Prohibitionists are impelled to advocate prohibition through fear of an uprising of drunken negroes should not be credited by Northern Union soldiers who encountered them on the field of strife during four years of war.

The charge that they keep wine on their tables should be received with some grains of allowance. I never saw wine or spirituous liquor in a Southern home in my late travels, and I expect I must have been in full one hundred of them, and usually the best in the communities I visited.

SOUTHERN PROHIBITIONIST.

LOCAL OPTION IN MISSOURI.

A Report from a Zealous Friend of Prohibition by Any and All Means.

LEBANON, MO., June 29.—EDITOR BLADE: The fight against the saloons waxes hot in Missouri, notwithstanding the legislature refused to give us constitutional prohibition. The struggle for local option and the Sunday law will be a strong one. Many temperance people consider local option better than constitutional prohibition, while others want the whole state under one common law of Prohibition, and do not want the cities left a prey to the saloons. The fight will be made to carry every county possible for local option.

In Lebanon the war has been inaugurated by an enforcement of the Sunday law. Rev. L. F. Bickford, of the Congregational church, has been preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on temperance. The community has been aroused as never before, dealers have been prosecuted and the saloons closed on Sunday. An effort is being made to prevent the re-issuing of licenses, and this fall it is expected the county will carry the local option measure.

The fight for the Sunday law in St. Louis is a brave one. The law is being enforced, and temperance people rejoice; but that "makeshift" for a judge, Noonan, releases all violators of the law, and seems bent on declaring it unconstitutional, or at least bringing it into disrepute and rendering all attempts to enforce it futile. The only way to redeem or control St. Louis is by sweeping state prohibition.—SUBSCRIBER.

THE G. A. R. AND THE PRESIDENT.

No Ill-Will to the South, But an Insistence that the War for the Union Was Eternally Right.

The last issue of the *National Tribune* has the following strong editorial article on the G. A. R. and the proposed return of the rebel flags:

It is from no ill-will to those lately in rebellion that the G. A. R. has so vehemently opposed the President's plan to send back the captured battle-flags. It is from no desire to retard the holy work of binding up the nation's wounds and obliterating all sectional hatred.

The comrades of the G. A. R. have done more practical work in this direction than any other equal number of men. They are the men above all others who have the good of the country most at heart, for they have made greater sacrifices than any other to secure that good. Deeply anxious that the country should be thoroughly united, they have spared no effort since the war to soften the animosities engendered by the conflict.

They have not believed, however, that this desirable result could be hastened by displays of sloppy and gushing sentimentality such as many people favor, and of which the return of the battle flags is a conspicuous instance. This sort of thing never accomplishes any result except the creation of nausea. The men who fought us are full-grown, common-sense men, who look at things in a manly way. They are not to be cajoled into a good humor by bon-bons and playthings like a punished child. They do not want to be constantly palavered over, gushed over, and made the object of ostentatious favors and concessions. They want us to be true to ourselves and to the principles which we have made dominant in the government. Their self-respect and consistency are best maintained when we maintain our own consistency and self-respect.

This the G. A. R. has done with malice toward none, and with charity for all it has steadily insisted that the war for the Union was eternally right, and that the decision of the arbitrament of arms is sacred—unquestionable—unchangeable. It has been inflexible that no attempt to pervert that decision or rob it of a particle of its force and effect is an unmitigated wrong. No man or set of men should be allowed to unsettle that which had been settled at such an enormous cost of the best blood in the land. The thinking, patriotic men of the South are with us in this. They dread as much as we do anything that looks like the reopening of any issue which was closed at such terrible expense.

The official and formal return of the rebel battle flags by the president of the United States cannot help taking the appearance of a decided step in the reopening of that issue. It disturbs the finality of the settlement by formally repudiating some of the terms. For the first time in the history of our government it recognizes officially the right of the states to make war upon the government, to raise "volunteer organizations" of a hostile character, which can have property in alien flags. The consequences of this portentous step may at any moment assume an aspect quite as alarming to the Southern people as to ourselves.

If the United States can be shown to admit that states can legally make war upon it, then there must also follow the general recognition that they have the power to borrow money to carry on that war, and this will give the holders of the Confederate bonds a standing in court to collect their money from the several states composing the so-called Southern Confederacy. This is the scheme of the European holders of these securities, and they are keenly on the lookout for an opportunity to insert the entering wedge.

This is the practical, unsentimental side of the matter. The other aspects are:

1. The G. A. R. comrades are bitterly opposed to having trophies which represent the most exalted courage and devotion of loyal Americans being bartered away by managing politicians to purchase popularity for themselves. They justly regard this as a prostitution of most sacred things.

2. They are bitterly opposed to having these trophies, which cost some of the best blood in the Nation, perverted from their present use as object-lessons of patriotic self sacrifice by being sent where they will become object-lessons to sanctify treason in the minds of the present generation, and glorify it in the hearts and imaginations of the generations which are to come. They believe that this official surrender of these trophies will greatly enhance their importance to those who may be disaffected to the government; will give them encouragement such as they have not received since the close of the war, and will greatly delay the final assuaging of all the bitterness engendered. This is a result as much to be deprecated by the Southerners as ourselves, for they have precisely as much to lose by it as we have.

REFUSED THE TRIP.

The Earl and the Commercial Traveler.

The Earl of Rosebery was on a journey to a race meeting at Ayr, and for his companion in the railway carriage had a remarkably pushing specimen of the commercial traveler who attempted to force a speaking acquaintance. Seeing his lordship perusing the *Racing Calendar*, he "broke earth" with the remark:

"Racing is a great institution. Suppose you are going to Ayr meeting?"

"I am going as far as Ayr," replied his lordship.

"Pity young swells get fleeced by blacklegs. Some noblemen, I hear, drop fortunes on the turf."

"Indeed!"

"Do a bit myself sometimes—a tenner or a pony's about my cut. Know anything good for to-day worth my while touching?"

"I am not a tipster."

"Beg your pardon; saw you reading the *Racing Calendar*, thought you might know."

"Well," replied his lordship, with a quiet smile, "if I give you the straight tip will it be of service to you?"

"Depends if I fancy it."

"Put your tenner or pony on Lord Rosebery's Chevronel for the Welter Cup."

"Not for Joseph! I never back Lord Rosebery's horses. They say he's a regular chumpkin."

"Indeed! perhaps they are right. However, you asked me. I can only add that I heard Lord Rosebery himself tell what you term a chumpkin to back his horse."

"Depend upon it, if it was all right, he would not let you overhear his conversation. Mum would then be his game. Why, there's a lot in that race. I'll bet you a pony Lord Rosebery don't win it."

"Really I am not accustomed to bet in railway carriages with strangers."

"There's my card. Fact is, you ain't game to bet."

"I think you'll lose your money; but, as you challenge me, let it be a bet. You'll see me in the stewards' inclosure at the course. I have no cards with me."

"Agreed. It's a bet. I bet you an even pony against Chevronel for the Welter Cup. But what's your name, young fellow?"

"Primrose. Sometimes I am otherwise addressed."

"All right, Primrose; pay and receive after the race."

The companions separated at the station. Chevronel won in a canter, and the commercial received next morning a short note by a messenger from the stewards' stand: "Mr. Primrose (Lord Rosebery) would feel obliged by Mr. ——— handing to his servant £25, which his lordship will have much pleasure in forwarding as a donation to the Commercial Travelers' Orphan Asylum."

The commercial man paid his money, looking very crestfallen, and was heard to ejaculate, "Done! Who on earth would have dreamt that the good-looking, affable young fellow, who I imagined was a chumpkin, was, in fact, none other than the Earl of Rosebery, giving me a good, honest tip about his own horse, by which I was fool enough to lose $25! Anyway, he's a regular trump, and he's right—I'm the chumpkin, after all!"—*Court Journal.*

The Days of Forty-nine.

Among the effects of the late Jas. W. Marshall, in the hands of the public administrator, is a day book which is quite a curiosity. It was used by a firm named Shannon & Cady, doing business at Colomaf and contains entries from April to October, 1849. We give some of the entries to show what was sold in those days and the ruling prices:

CAPTAIN T. MC'COY.

One bottle ale	$ 5 00

JACK SMITH.

Three bottles ale	15 00
One box percussion caps	3 00

BOB WYBURN.

One hat	10 00
One pair shoes	14 00
One bottle pickles	7 00

DOCTOR A TAYLOR.

One box herrings	30 00
One bottle vinegar	3 00

ISAAC OWEN.

One frying-pan	6 00
Two pounds crackers	2 00
Five pounds fresh beef	2 50
One butcher knife	3 00

P. B. EVANS.

One pair socks	3 00

Oysters brought $10 per can; sardines, $5 per box; nails, 75 cents per pound; sugar, 50 cents per pound; flour, 45 cents per pound; a bottle of mustard is put down at $4.50—no doubt it brought tears to the eyes of the miners; a paper of tacks, $3.00. The credits were nearly all by gold dust. A good many queer things can be discovered by looking over the book.—*Eldorado (Cal.) Republican.*

Origin of a Small Race of Turkeys.

In 1877 the author sent a number of wild turkeys to Santa Cruz island, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty miles off shore. The island is about 30 miles long and five to ten wide, and contains no animals injurious to fowls, excepting a small gray fox. The first season four hens raised 61 birds to maturity, which attained the size of the parents. The next year the produce was 120, of about the same size. These birds multiplied and lived perfectly wild in the forest, and in a few years it was observed that they had diminished very much in size, so that now it would be impossible to find a cock which would weigh over six pounds, which is less than one-third the size of their original ancestors, or the first and second island generations. The author thinks this is undoubtedly a case of pretty close inbreeding, although he does not think the fact is conclusively established. These birds had an abundance of feed on the island, consisting of acorns, berries, insects and grass, and have always been healthy and vigorous, with habit of flight about the same as that of the Eastern wild birds in their native haunts. The writer has introduced wild turkeys in various places on the Pacific slope north of San Francisco, which have been prolific and healthy, and attained the normal size.—*American Naturalist.*

Strange Conceit of a Child.

There is a little 6-year-old girl on the mesa who is thought by some to be a spiritual medium. She is unusually bright and interesting and is the pride of her mother. The little one claims to have "another mother" besides the one who cares for her worldly wants. The "other mother" the child claims to see almost daily; describes what kind of clothes she wears and repeats what she says. Frequently the child is heard talking to her "other mother," whom she claims to have lived with ere she knew the mother who now claims her as her own. The other day, as the earthly mother closed the door, the child screamed and said the door had been closed against the "other mother," who was fastened in the crack, and the door had to be opened before the child was appeased. The child is healthy, intelligent, and displays no idiosyncrasy other than that mentioned.—*Boston Budget.*

"Wants a Paper that Purchasers Read."

A prominent merchant is reported to have said recently: "I don't care if your paper prints a million copies per day. What I want is a newspaper which goes among the purchasing class. I want a respectable paper; grog shop circulation does not send me customers for my goods."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

A HOME OF OUR OWN.

A Necessity to Every Family—A Man Relates His Experience.

I write this from under my own vine and fig tree, from beneath a roof of my own. I am a landed proprietor, a taxpayer, the owner of a bit of ground, and a house in the freshness and beauty of its first painting and papering and polishing. Even since our marriage, seven years ago, my wife and I have longed for this day to come. We have saved and scrimped, and hoped and prayed for it, and at last it has come to pass. We have paid out hundreds of dollars in rent, and been moved and hustled around from house to house, and place to place, in the nomadic manner too common among the young married people of America.

No one can know with what a breath of infinite relief I said last week to Mrs. Dane, at the close of our wearisome moving day:

"Well, my dear, thank the fates, this is our last move."

"Well, I hope so, for goodness sake," said Mrs. Dane, with marked force.

And when our two cherished Brusse's carpets were being cut and slashed into so recklessly, to fit the parlor and sitting room, Mrs. Dane said, gratefully:

"Well, its the last time they'll have to be cut, for they are down to stay now; that's one consolation."

The home we are so happy in is not all paid for, but we see our way clear to pay for it in time, and any kind of a house is preferable to a life-long paying of rent. Young married people should start out in life with the fixed determination of putting a roof over their heads that they can call their own; and this is not such a hard thing to do in these days of loan and building associations and cheap rates of interest. My interest and taxes are not much more than half the amount I have been paying in rents.

It is difficult to define the feeling one has in a home of one's own. There is something in being a "landed proprietor" that tones one up wonderfully, and adds dignity and earnestness to life. You literally feel that you are somebody. Life takes on a new meaning and new joys; you have something to live for and work for. I actually felt a positive pleasure in paying my taxes yesterday, and felt sorry for the poor fellows who haven't any taxes to pay.

I set out some rose bushes last week, exulting in the thought that they were mine and neither they nor I was subject to the whim or the interest of some real estate agent, who could give me thirty days' notice and then turn us adrift.

No longer am I a member of the mighty and miserable army of house hunters. My rent days are done. I drive nails and tacks and hammer and pound when and where I please. When I come home from my office at night it is home indeed to me.

And when one has children it is more necessary even than that there be a place for them that they can call home; a place that they can love and remember as a home throughout all their after lives. I hope to see the children of my eight months' old baby playing in this house some day. We have bought a good home because we think we shall live in this city all our lives, and we never want to go through the miseries of another family move.

A home of our own is, I insist, the very best investment a young couple can make. It is something worth saving, and working and living for.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A Lake Turned to Ink.

The story of the poisoning of Dawho lake, in Georgetown county, South Carolina, has been corroborated in every particular by a prominent citizen of Georgetown, who has investigated the matter at the request of Gen. Greely, chief of the weather service.

A dense mass of black-gum trees surrounds the lake on all sides. It is well known that the leaves of this tree are strongly impregnated with tannic acid. It has also been ascertained that the bottom of the lake contains a slight deposit of iron. The poisoning of the water, therefore, is thus explained. The hailstorm bruised and filled the lake with the leaves and small branches of the trees; the tannic acid emanating from which mingled with the iron and formed tannate of iron, causing the water to turn black as ink and bitter as quinine, and poisoning the fishes by thousands.

Some of the people living in the neighborhood believe that the condition of the lake is due to a judgment from God. This lake is in reality a Godsend for many a poor family near by. They get fish from it the year around, and if it is not replenished soon it will be a judgment to them sure enough.

One species of the fish inhabiting this lake survived the singular disaster, and that was the mudfish, which buried itself in the mud at the bottom, and thus escaped the effects of the poison. The stench arising from the and rotten fish is described as fearful. The thousands of buzzards taking their departure in the evening for their roosting places after a day's feast, are described as making a noise similar to that of an approaching cyclone. On each end of Dawho lake, about half a mile distant, is a small lake in which numbers of fish also abound, but which, upon examination, show no hailstorm which swept over Dawho. This confirms the belief that the direct cause of the disaster to the fish is due to the hailstorm.

The Quip Courteous.

Dan McGary, of the Houston *Age*, recently paid a complimentary visit to the city of Galveston, which is the great commercial rival of Houston. McGary, owing to his many good qualities of heart and stomach, was invited in the Galveston Elite club, where the prominent Galvestonians assembled to do him homage.

McGary was asked what impression Galveston made upon him. He replied that it was a very nice, quiet little town, but the people did not possess the intelligence that was noticeable in Houston, "present company of course excepted." He kept on making seditious remarks about Galveston and the natives, always, however, courteously excepting present company.

Among the Galvestonians present was Tom Dealy, of the Galveston *News*. McGary asked Dealy if he had ever been to Houston. Dealy replied that he had been there.

"How did you like the people?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Dealy, "they are the handsomest and most intelligent people I ever saw, *present company excepted.*"

Ten minutes later McGary had sent a telegram to his managing editor to strike the *News* from the exchange list of the Houston *Age.*—*Texas Siftings.*

A Brave Girl's Devotion.

A touching instance of a young Transylvanian girl's devotion was related to me on good authority, says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Her lover had been confined in the village lock-up house, presumably for some flagrant misdemeanor, and on looking out of the small grated window on a burning summer's day he was bewailing his unhappy fate and the parching thirst which devoured him. Presently his dark, slender sweetheart, attracted by the sound of his wailings, drew near, and, standing at the other side of a dried-up moat, she could see her lover at the grated window. She held in her hand a ripe, juicy apple, but the only way to reach him lay through the moat. The girl was naked, not having the smallest rag to cover her brown and shining skin, and the moat was full of thistles and tall stinging nettles. She hesitated for a moment, but only for one, then plunging bravely into the sea of fire, she handed up the precious apple through the closed grating. When she regained the other bank her skin was all blistered and bleeding at places, but she did not seem to feel any pain in the joy with which she watched her lover devour the apple.

The Mother Cuff in Nature.

On the train crossing the Rocky mountains I heard a teamster tell about a mother bear and her cub, giving a good example to human mothers in family government. This man was going up the mountains for pine logs, driving a wagon. On the top of a large rock by the side of the road was a young bear, the mother having started up the mountain on the approach of the team. "The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and, giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow. But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time and, taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs. This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop up the side of the mountain."

Her Witching Way.

A slim young beauty, who is the happy mistress of a tawny St. Bernard dog, has a witching way when visitors are with her of talking off Czar's silver collar and fastening it round her slender waist. It is just a fit, and in nine cases out of ten the admiring spectator remarks he wishes he was Czar or the collar. They all tumble to it.

The Missing Link.

Graduates of literary colleges, high schools and seminaries must have the practical training of H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College to enable them to use the knowledge they have to advantage in a business house—the missing link will thus be supplied, and the literary education will be made usable.

THE WIDOW'S PARROT.

He Falls from Grace, and, Guided by the Folsom Boys, Becomes a Depraved Bird.

Mrs. Lucretia Bemis is a widow. Her husband was a sea-captain, and when he died, about fifteen years ago, he left his wife, among other wordly goods, a large green parrot, versatile alike in plumage and conversational powers. This parrot was named Neptune—a modest tribute to the trident-bearing deity whose domain had been traversed so often by old Capt. Bemis. The Widow Bemis enjoys the reputation of a devoutly religious woman—a woman whose conversation and deeds are marked by a singular piety. Since the demise of her beloved husband she has lavished the wealth of her affections upon the parrot Neptune, and has devoted much time to teaching the bird religious hymns and phrases.

The Folsom boys live next door to Mrs. Bemis. There are three of them, and they are 15, 18 and 19 years old respectively. Their father is a blacksmith, and he is an industrious man, but these three boys are so wondrously shiftless that they appear to have given themselves over, body and soul, to the devices of Satan. About a month ago these abandoned youths turned their diabolical attention to the beguiling of Widow Bemis's parrot into sinful ways. From their back-door step they held artful discourse with the parrot as he perched in the window of the second story back room, and ere long they taught the guileless and unsuspecting bird divers ribald words, profane expletives, and wicked phrases likely to cause a blush of shame, if not a thrill of horror, when heard in polite society.

Last Saturday the Widow Bemis happened to hear the parrot explode an oath, and to punish him for the shocking offence the proper dame locked him up in the garret for several days and fed him nothing but dry bread. On Tuesday she believed him sufficiently punished and she brought him down into the sitting room. The dejected countenance he wore, and melancholy droop of his tail feathers convinced Mrs. Bemis that Naptune was truly penitent, and thereat the good lady much rejoiced.

On Tuesday evening the regular old folks' prayer meeting was held at Mrs. Bemis's and the attendance was somewhat larger than usual. The ceremonies had reached the most impressive point when the parrot, who had maintained a gloomy silence all day, ejaculated, suddenly and in hoarse, discordant tones, "Hallelujah!" It would be hard to conceive of an interruption more apropos, more shocking. The Widow Bemis made a plunge for the depraved bird, with the intention of incarcerating him again in the garret, but, as if he forsaw her design, the parrot ripped out a volley of oaths so prodigiously shocking that the Widow Bemis fell back and over on the floor and lay there like one dead.

Old Mr. Sawyer made a pass at Neptune with his cane, but all he did was to knock some veneering off the hair-cloth sofa. The profane bird thereupon opened out on Mr. Sawyer, and the hideous expletives he rasped out drove that worthy old gentleman into an apoplectic fit. It seemed as if the bird has become possessed of seven devils; at any rate, never before had the ears of his auditors been burdened with such a flood tide of ribaldry and profanity as he launched out from his perch at the back of the hair-cloth sofa.

The widow Bemis swore out a warrant against the Folsom boys yesterday, and Justice Kersten will hear both sides of the interesting story. The widow claims that the boys have corrupted her parrot to such a degree that he no longer delights in goodness, but takes pleasure only in heathenish practices and sinful conversation.—*New Haven Register.*

HOW THE PRESIDENTS ECONOMIZED.

James Monroe died in New York insolvent.

Buchanan left over $250,000 to his nephews and nieces.

Martin Van Buren did not save much out of his salary, but he left $300,000.

Adams was poor, but by his wise, able management he never suffered want.

James K. Polk left about $150,000. As he had no children, Mrs. Polk received it all.

Fillmore left the White House a poor man, but by a second marriage became wealthy.

Pierce did not do as well. Fifty thousand dollars was his limit, with no one to inherit it.

Of the earlier Presidents, Washington was the wealthiest. At his death his estate was valued at $300,000.

When Jefferson entered the White House he was a wealthy man, but he lost his property and died insolvent.

John Tyler went to the White House a poor man, but managed to save enough out of his salary to live in comfort.

President Arthur was a very high feeder. He spent a great deal of money on his table, and managed to save nothing.

President Cleveland will probably not be able to save more than $100,000 out of his whole term, if he saves that much.

Andrew Jackson was counted a rich man in his day. The Hermitage, which he left to his adopted son, is now the property of the state.

Mrs. Hayes ran the financial end of the house during Hayes's administration, and that she is a financier is proved by the amount saved out of his salary.

Garfield was not in office long enough to save much money. He left about $40,000, and the gifts Mrs. Garfield has received made her a wealthy woman.

Madison was wealthy when he became President, and left a handsome estate, which Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered, and left her a poor woman.

Grant never saved much of his salary, but the generous gifts of his friends made him independent. He lost his all in the Grant-Ward failure. The sale of his book has placed his wife in an affluent position

"As Others See Us."

There was an odd incident at one of the seashore places one day last week. A couple of ladies, who did not live in Boston, and whose unpretentious way of life had perhaps led them to fear that they might be looked down upon by Boston people, had taken board at a hotel much patronized by Bostonians of an excellent sort. Walking about the corridor of the house on the first evening after their arrival, and observing with an interest natural in new comers the people about them, they happened to observe two ladies standing in the corridor not far away. It struck the younger of the two new comers, who was a little short-sighted, that these ladies whom she saw in the corridor were quite shabby in appearance. The turned to her companion and whispered:

"Well, I guess we can hold up our heads with this sort of people!"

The elder seized her handkerchief in a vain attempt to smother a hearty laugh. They had been looking at their own reflection in a big mirror!—*Boston Transcript.*

It Looked Unnatural.

Mrs. Montgomery's mother resides with her, but at present she is away on a visit. The other day she sent a photograph to her devoted daughter. When Mrs. Montgomery received it she rushed into the room where Ferguson was trying to figure out a baseball combination.

"Isn't it a pretty picture, Fergy, perfectly life-like!" ejaculated Mrs. Montgomery, in her sweet, contralto voice.

"Um—ye-es. I guess so. Who is it?" inquired Mr. Montgomery, doubtfully.

"Why, Fergy, it's my own dear, sweet, darling mother."

"Yes, so 'tis, so 'tis," said Mr. Montgomery, hastily. I ought to have recognized her."

"And its so perfectly natural except about the mouth."

"I see now why I did not recognize the photograph. It represents her with her mouth closed and I never saw her that way," and Mr. Ferguson went down town to buy base ball pools, while his wife cried all the morning.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

British Hair Trimming.

An English fashion in hair-cutting is being taken up by anxious young men, though there are only a few barbers in New York who can do it properly. It is to have the hair singed. It is first cut, as usual, but not very close. Then a long taper is lighted, a comb is rapidly run over the head with the taper above it until the end of each hair has been touched by the flame. Not more than one-sixteenth of an inch of any hair is burned when the work is done by a skillful operator. Singeing is supposed to prevent baldness and to give the hair a natty appearance. In England the singeing costs extra, and the barbers here are doubtful whether to rank it as an extra hair-cut or a shampoo.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Cure for Hoarseness.

Hot lemonade, taken just before retiring, is a well-known remedy for a cold in its first stages. Everybody is not familiar, however, with the lemon cure for an attack of hoarseness. For this purpose first roast a lemon in the oven, turning it now and then that all sides may be equally cooked. It should not crack or break, but be soft all through. While the lemon is still very hot, cut a piece from the top, fill with as much sugar as it will hold and eat on going to bed.

SLEEP ON A FARM.

The Artistic Effort of a Dakota Liar to Spiflicate Facts.

"No," said the pale young man sadly, "I am not working on a farm for my health now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I have come away and the farm which knew me would perhaps know me yet if it could get a sight of me, but it can't.

"I went out, you know, by the advice of a physician. Said he: 'You need out-door exercise, and above all, sleep, such long, quiet nights' sleep as you can only find in the country away from the noise and heat of the city, with the great open windows and the cool and velvety breeze floating through your room all night long, with perhaps an occasional night with the pattering rain upon the roof to lull you to sleep.' That's what the doctor said.

"So I hired out to a farmer to work all summer. He said I was so white and pale that he couldn't give me anything but my board for my services, but if I wanted to work for that I might climb in behind the seat and ride out.

"So I did. He had one mule and one horse and the mule balked every time we went up hill and the horse every time we went down hill, and they both tried to run away on the level. He drove them with a trace-chain tied over the flesh above their hocks.

"But we got out there at last. I don't want to tell you anything about the work to-day—I haven't time—but I feel as if I must says something about those long nights' sleep.

"The first night we got home late, but still the sun was only nicely down. The sun sets about two hours later out there than any where else in the known world.

"After supper the farmer sent one hour and a half telling me about the flax crop on the back forty, and then he reckoned we'd better milk. There were twelve cows and he said each would take six. He gave me the kickers, and it took me two hours, and it had been dark a long time when I finished. Then he had me pump up water for the next day. And it took forty minutes. Then I filled the wood-box and split the kindling wood. And as it was a big box it took thirty minutes. Then he told me about the oat crop, which took an hour. And when I went to bed it was growing light in the east.

"The window in the room was a pane of glass nailed over an irregular hole in the boards and could not be opened. I felt around in the dim light, and finally got into bed. I had just fallen asleep and had begun to dream I was lying along the ridge-pole of a double-humped camel when the farmer pounded on the stairs and shouted that breakfast was ready. I couldn't see as it was any lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the east was a little redder.

"I will pass over the day, as it is painful to recall. Or rather the day and the last end of one night and first end of another, for we were in the hay field sixteen hours.

"And that evening after supper he said I might throw the dirt out of a new cellar while I rested.

"Then we milked, and he gave me eight cows instead of six—all kickers. And one of them was a hooker, too, and slammed me through the corn crib.

"I got to bed an hour sooner than the night before because he said he was thinking some of getting up early the next morning.

"And that night it rained and I heard the pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that that old fraud of a doctor spoke about. But it didn't help me to sleep because it leaked down on me and got the bed-clothes all wet and I caught cold.

"And when the farmer pounded on the stairs I got up and looked at my watch and I had been asleep an hour and forty minutes. And my clothes were wet and there was water in my shoes.

"But it was a good day and we worked at the hay again. We mowed down what the farmer called a 'slather' of it. And that night after I had rested awhile on the cellar and milked the twelve cows—twelve kickers—and one of them thought I was trying to kidnap her calf and chased me out of the yard—the farmer said it looked like rain again, and he reckoned we'd better rake out and knock up that hay before bedtime.

"And before we got to the field I saw the morning star and when I had got up twelve bunches of hay and the old hypocrite of a farmer four, I heard a lark. Then when I had got up twenty bunches and the farmer saw it began to grow quite light.

"When the farmer saw it he laid down on the hay and laughed for ten minutes. He said we had worked right through the night without knowing it.

"But I had known more about it than he thought I had.

"We worked an hour longer and then we went to the house and I milked. Breakfast wasn't quite ready and I threw a couple of cubic yards of sand out of the bottom of the cellar.

"And while we were eating, the farmer told me to hurry because he would like to get in one full day's work during haying. I said I would, and he said that I would stop and go out and harness the horses. And he said that was business, and I went out and ran down the road and walked into town.

"And now I am looking for that old liar of a physician and surgeon who told me about the long nights' sleep I would get on a farm."—*Dakota Bell.*

Will He Do Anything For You?

"You have seen your uncle John, Harry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did he say? Was he willing to give you a lift?"

"He said that you had done him many favors, and he was glad of an opportunity to reciprocate."

"H'm! That's all right; but what did he say about getting you the place?"

"He said he was happy to throw about me the ægis of his protection."

"I don't doubt that. John always was a kind-hearted chap. But why don't you tell whether he promised to help you?"

"He said that his influence was potent, and that he had no doubt that it would enable me to reach the goal of my ambition."

"But why didn't you ask him to get the place for you? I believe he could do it."

"Why, father, he informed me that he had received assurances that my highest aspirations had already attained fruition."

"Of course, of course; you can always depend on John. But this isn't to the purpose. Will he do anything for you? That's the question."—*Boston Transcript.*

Dakota's Opinion of the Army.

A cadet at West Point was recently arrested and confined three days in the guard-house for brushing a fly off his nose while on parade. And that same day the Indians came up to a small fort in Northwestern Dakota and chased the man on picket duty a mile and a half and then run off twelve head of horses and yelled so loudly that the hair of the commanding officer, who is shaky in appearance. The turned to her recently came on from Washington, turned white. And the government never said a word—not a whisper. You wouldn't have known it was anywhere around. In fact, it wasn't. It was back at West Point running that poor cadet all over the grounds and whooping at him till he was hoarse, and asking him what he meant by insulting the flag by brushing that fly off his nose.—*Dakota Bell.*

An Unfortunate Wink in Society

More than one woman, well-known in society, persists in pencilling her eyebrows with India ink. The fashion might be condoned if it were an improvement, but not one woman in ten can practice it without making herself ridiculous. The other day I met at a reception a lady who is the mother of grown children. She had evidently made up in a hurry or in a room insufficiently lighted, for one eyebrow was half an inch higher, more arched and longer than the other. It gave this otherwise dignified female the appearance of a diabolical wink with one eye, which, to say the least, was grotesque.—*Town Topics.*

Somewhat Qualified Luck.

Miss Edith—"Why, mamma; here is a notice in the morning paper of the complete failure of the Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Insurance company! Wasn't that the company that poor Uncle James had his policy for our benefit in?"

Mamma—"Yes, my dear."

Edith—"And it was only two days ago you collected the amount in full?"

Mamma—"Yes, dear."

Edith—"How very fortunate that poor dear uncle died—or, I mean, how lucky that, that—he—if he had lived a few days longer, we—that is—well, he always was such a considerate man."—*Puck.*

Fill Your Own Place.

Young man, don't be a square peg for a round hole. Get in where you fit. Too many fellows already fill positions for which they were never made. The Bible declares you shall not harness the ox and ass together. That law is too often broken. Young men as clerks that should be ropemakers; statesmen that ought to fill the boots of woodchoppers; preachers that ought to be printers, etc. Don't get in a place either too big or too small for you.

Unreasonable Creatures.

"Women are unreasonable creatures," observed Brown, as he ordered another round for the boys. "Now, there's my wife. Before we were married, when I went to see her she always thought it too early for me to go home, and now I can't go home early enough to suit her."

GUITEAU'S HEAD.

How a Government Official Preserved It for Private Speculation.

A special dispatch from Washington says: The announcement that the head of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, is in the possession of a New York physician, causes little surprise here, for it has been known by many in this city that, when the flesh was removed from the skull in the process of articulating the skeleton, the United States anatomist, Dr. Schafhirt, preserved the same. He was careful to retain in the flesh all their naturalness the features of the assassin. To effect this end he denuded the skull with as little cutting as possible, sewed the parts together with stitches almost invisible and stuffed the subject with materials that supplied to perfection the place of the missing bone frame.

When that branch of his work was completed he placed the head in a bath of alcohol in a white glass jar about eight inches square by twelve inches in length, which was hermetically sealed. Enough of the flesh was left to show the mark of the rope that strangled the assassin. For many months the doctors had on exhibition for the gratification of curious friends the ghastly spectacle, and it was the general remark of those who saw his head in Dr. Schafhirt's private operating room, in the Medical Museum, that the head swimming in the jar of alcohol looked as lifelike as the day the noose launched Guiteau into eternity.

There is no question about the officials of the National Medical Museum being aware what Schafhirt had done in this matter, and of his having used government materials and time in carrying out his object. A majority of the clerks and officers of that branch of the Surgeon-General's office were interested spectators of the doctor's work while it was being completed.

A Woman's Charms.

Apropos of women's dress, a girl who has been to the high school and perfected herself in the calculus of probabilities has figured out for the St. Louis *Republican* that upon gala occasons a woman's external charm consists as follows:

	Per cent		Per cent
Linen	20	Ribbons	4
Flannel	10	Millinery	6
Hosiery	6	Parasol	4
Lingerie	5	Gloves	2
Corsets	8		
Silk	35	Total	100

Now, if we add to this the proper compound of carbons, nitrogens, phosphates, and all the other elements which go to make up women, we are able to see how broomstick and said breakfast was ready. I couldn't see as it was any lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the east was a little redder.

"I will pass over the day, as it is painful to recall. Or rather the day and the last end of one night and first end of another, for we were in the hay field sixteen hours.

"And that evening after supper he said I might throw the dirt out of a new cellar while I rested.

"Then we milked, and he gave me eight cows instead of six—all kickers. And one of them was a hooker, too, and slammed me through the corn crib.

"I got to bed an hour sooner than the night before because he said he was thinking some of getting up early the next morning.

"And that night it rained and I heard the pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that that old fraud of a doctor spoke about. But it didn't help me to sleep because it leaked down on me and got the bed-clothes all wet and I caught cold.

"And when the farmer pounded on the stairs I got up and looked at my watch and I had

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ABOUT WOMAN'S DRESS.

"What is *Dress* that I hear talked about and see spoken of now and then in the papers?" writes an eager, anxious, inquiring woman, living out of the city's rush and hurry, and outside, too, of its means of acquiring information.

"Dress," my friend, is a magazine started in the interest of woman, to lead her gently, as a hart to the clear waters, to the understanding of what is necessary in the way of a reform in the wherewithal, or rather the way-withal, she shall clothe herself. Inasmuch as she is not like the lillies of the field which need take no thought as to the fashioning of their lovely garments, and which custom has never compelled to wear what deprives them of the highest grace and beauty that a beneficent Creator has made a free gift to them, it behooves her to give the subject both thought and study, in order to make sure that she is in the way to the best physical life possible to her, and not doomed to a mere abortion of existence. It will not need much thought or a great deal of study to conclude that the latter is about all that she has possessed, since civilization began to lay down the laws as to her apparel. Civilization has tried to help Nature about stiffening her back bone. "It has decreed that it was not modest for Nature to give her legs, and therefore wrapped them up so securely that she has had no freedom of motion during all these centuries. By various devices, which it is needless to name, civilization has managed to tie and hamper her through many years, until she has become a creature without health or vigor, and literally a weak semblance of what God intended her to be when He created our common mother Eve. That feminine resident of Eden did not wear corsets and long skirts and tight sleeves, high heels, and the other abominations that belong to the present dress of women. In fact, if authorities are to be relied on, [illegible] apparel was rather scanty, and would hardly do in this variable climate, and under present modes of life, but, at least, she had freedom to breathe and move without let or hindrance.

It was not civilization, some one says, that brought about the present style of woman's dress. Well, perhaps not. I was only thinking that the women of barbarous nations have never been thus bound and hampered. It may be true to say that it is an accompaniment of modern civilization—modern because the feminine apparel of the ancient Grecian women, was easy and graceful. It is time that we, who live today, rise up in rebellion and bring about a needed reform. It need not be sudden or violent; but directed and controlled by good sense, let it be radical.

We have suffered enough. Yes, actually suffered both in mind and body from these dictates of custom and fashion I smile now—though it is a serious matter looked at as an index of woman's slavery to these masters—at something that happened but a little while since, illustrating one phase of it. A friend and her husband were walking upon a street which had been ditched from one end to the other for pipe laying. It was necessary to cross it, and there was no way except to make a flying leap. He, having the freedom of both sets of limbs, went over without effort. She sprang forward with equal grace and agility, and came down upon her nose. Her skirts did not permit her to jump far enough. I do not believe the woman lives that has not had a similar experience.

This is the way Eliza Putnam Heaton describes, in the New York *Mail and Express*, two bright young girls who belonged to the fashionable world, and they are not exceptional:

The great bulges of drapery on their backs swayed with every step from side to side, aggravating a jerky motion that was of the same sort if not as pronounced as the painful forward hitches of a man on stilts. It seemed to the observer as if, instead of having any free command of the muscles that produce a given motion, the whole body was fastened together like a locomotive machine that, pivoting somewhere in the chest, brought one side forward and then the other with an all-together effort that was not especially noticeable in a slow saunter, but became positively distressing at a quick pace.

The critical anatomist of raiment would have called them victims of three incubi, the tailor gown, the bustle and beads.

"Why follow the fashion?" It is not easy for a modest, refined woman to step out from the multitude and render herself a target for ridicule, and even worse than that. No doubt there are many who, while trying to pray for contentment with their condition in life, could say with the poet:

> Our wishes and our prayers are not
> Always the same;
> Alas! we often wish for what
> We dare not name.

The day of fear, however, has passed, and we dare speak out our sentiments now without thought of ostracism. Both men and women recognize the fact that there is need of a change, and the demand for a reform is growing louder and more imperative.

Mrs. Anne Jenness Miller is an apostle of such a reform, though by no means the earliest pioneer in the field. Others have been before her, but the time was not ripe for such innovations and public attention was not aroused. Mrs. Miller has taken hold of it with such thoroughness and will that much is promised for the future. The very fact that a magazine has been started to disseminate her ideas is a proof of the advanced thought in this direction. Not that it is possible for such innovations to be at once accepted and adopted, but the ground is making rapidly ready among all classes of women for the sowing of the seed that will bear fruit.

The foundation principle of Mrs. Miller's reform is equal pressure upon all parts of the body. That means no corsets, but in their stead a well-fitting waist which will answer all purposes of good without any of the evils that belong to the wearing of that article. It means clothing that will not prevent a woman from using every part of her body with perfect ease and entirely untrammeled.

What are these garments do you ask? Briefly these: First, a "jersey-fitting" union undergarment which clothes the whole body from neck to feet without bands or gathering anywhere. These can be purchased in very fine materials or less expensive ones and are made warm for winter wear or light and cool for summer.

Next comes what is termed a chemilette, which is also a combination cotton and linen garment, fitting the body smoothly, without pressure, and also without bands or binding. This may be made as dainty and pretty as anyone chooses, with needlework and lace and ribbons.

The garment which is the most important, and which takes the place of the "aggregation of flannel, cotton, or quilted petticoats," worn one over the other until there is a mass of drapery around the lower limbs that takes away the power of locomotion, is termed by Mrs. Miller "leglettes." It is simply a divided garment clothing each leg separately, "made upon a yoke fitting perfectly over the hips without semblance of band, pressure, or weight upon the waist. They can be made of some material that wears well, say of surah silk, or some soft woollen goods of a pretty color. Anything can be used that you would make a petticoat out of.

Rosina Vokes, the celebrated actress, has been wearing some such garment as this of her own invention, for some time, at first only for dancing upon the stage, but now that she has discovered its comfort, for every day dress. The following is a description of hers:

It is a sort of silk trouser, wide and straight, reaching to the ankle and hemmed. Jut at the bend of each knee a kilt is put on, which falls just to the edge of the hem. It is about two yards and a half around, but kilted in to just the size of the trouser and stitched on. At the thigh another kilt of equal width is stitched on, that one falling over the first to the edge of the hemmed trouser. Standing erect in these four kilts, it would be impossible for the keenest-eyed woman to say that there was anything to it but a very "funny" full skirt. Over this divided skirt is put another skirt of the same material, but made in the orthodox fashion and gathered to a yoke some five or six inches below the waist. This reduces the amount of clothing over the hips and around the waist to very few thicknesses, while the limbs are kept as warm and as closely covered as possible.

The dress or outer garment described by Mrs. Miller is made in what is called the Princesse style, and can be varied by draperies, etc., to suit the taste of the wearer.

Very much the same style of dress as this advocated by Mrs. Miller, was advised by the writer some three or four years ago in her book entitled "Health and Beauty." The chemilette was omitted but over the corset or waist was to be worn a fitting cover made as daintily as one pleased, which came down six or eight inches below the waist line, like a yoke, and a single skirt was buttoned to the edge of it, or more than one if desired.

It matters little just what mode is adopted, only that freedom, lightness and warmth are obtained, and to this end, let every woman who cares to preserve her health, or to regain it if lost, who desires to make the most of herself, in her especial work, be it in the home or outside of it, begin at once to make the changes from her old style of dress to this more healthful, sensible and comfortable one, which differs but little in outward appearance from that she is now wearing, certainly not enough to make her look singular. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Pretty things out of old Linen:—A great many people, in the country especially, have old linen sheets spun by their mothers and grand-mothers, that are lying useless, and getting yellow simply because the owner does not know what to do with them. They can be utilized in various ways in making pretty things. A pretty lambrequin may be made for a shelf by fringing out a piece of the proper size for a depth of several inches and tying the fringe. Above this etch a vine, or put several rows of feather stitching. Then draw out the threads for a space and run a ribbon in and out through the space. Catch the corner up with a bow of ribbon of the same color. A bureau cover may be made in the same way, only that the etching should be omitted from the ends and several rows of feather stitching with colored ribbons drawn through be made for the finishing, while some pretty motto or pattern be etched in the center.

Tidies of the linen made by pulling threads both ways, so as to leave the linen in squares, and then ribbons interlaced through the spaces, are pretty. Or the squares of solid linen may be embroidered with bright colored silk, or rather stitches may be taken in them to give a sort of Persian effect to the whole.

A pretty table scarf for a bedroom may also be made out of the same material, using some one of the above devices for the trimming. Any one with taste and with a little thought may do wonders with old linen of this kind.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" can still be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

To Ornament Bottles,—I would like to tell "E. C." how to ornament a large bottle. Take a piece of silk or satin (the handsomer the better,) somewhat longer than the bottle and wide enough to reach around it, sew it very neatly, over and over seam, at one corner of bottle; fold down and run in the bottom of bottle and catch across with stout thread. Tie a pretty ribbon around the neck, thereby forming a ruffle, which may be edged with narrow lace; (the ruffle must hide the cork.) Or instead of ribbon, make a cord and balls of several colors of embroidery silk; paste one or more handsome embossed picture on the sides of bottle; and I think you will be pleased with the result. —CHARITY GRIMES.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; n, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t r c, treble crochet.

Shell Lace.—Cast on 17 stitches, knit across plain. First row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—k 4—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1. Second row—Put needle under thread—t t o—p 2 tog—k 7—p 1—k 8. Third row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 8—t t o 2—n 2 tog—k 1. Fourth row—Needle under thread—o—p 2 tog—rest plain. Fifth row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—k 2—t t o 2—p—k 3—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1. Sixth row—Needle under thread—o—p 2 tog—k 6—p 1—k 2—p 1—rest plain. Seventh row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 10—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1. Eighth row—Same as fourth. Ninth row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 3—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1. Tenth row—Needle under thread—o—p 2 tog—k 6—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 8. Eleventh row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 8—t t o 2—n 2 tog—k 1. Knit plain till you have 16 stitches on right hand needle. Then pick one stitch over the other on the left hand needle until 2 remain; knit these together. Twelfth row—same as fourth row. Repeat.

Shell Lace Insertion.—Cast on 14 stitches. First row—k 2—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—k 3 tog—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 1. Second row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2. Third row—plain. Fourth row—plain. Fifth row—k 2—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 2. Sixth row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 8—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2. Seventh row—plain. Eighth row—plain. Ninth row—k 2—t t o 2—n 2—k 9—n 2—t t o 2—k 2. Tenth row—k 3—p 1—k 14—p 1—k 2. Eleventh row—plain. Twelfth row—k 10—slip three stitches over first stitch on right hand needle; knit one and slip it back on left needle; then slip three stitches over it; now slip it back on right needle and k 7. Thirteenth row—k 7—n—k 6. Fourteenth row—Plain—F. B. C., Farmington, Conn.

Novelty Braid Edging.—Take No. 24 spool cotton and a fine steel hook—1st row—2 trebles in first loop of braid—(c) 2 trebles in each of the next 5 loops of same pattern—2 trebles in first loop of second pattern of braid. Repeat from * to end—3 chain—turn; 2d row—1 treble between the first and second trebles of the two trebles—1 ch—1 treble between the second and third of 2 trebles—1 treble between the next 2 trebles of same pattern—1 ch—1 treble under the chain between two patterns—1 ch. Repeat from the beginning of the row to the end—3 ch—turn; 3d row—1 treble under—(a) 1 ch—1 treble under next—1 ch. Repeat from (a)—3 ch—turn; 4th row—like the third; 5th row—8 trebles under 1 ch—1 ch under next 1 ch. Repeat to end of row. Break off. Work the other side of braid like the first two rows of the previous side.—L. B. S.

Pine Apple Lace.—Make a chain of 12 stitches—turn, putting 3 stitches of long crochet in the fourth stitch—ch 2—then 3 more in same place—ch 3—then 3 long crochet in next fourth stitch—ch 2—then 3 more in same place. Turn and proceed as before till you have a piece as long as the article you wish to trim. For the pine-apple put a shell of 6 stitches in the first shell, with a ch of 2 between, then ch 6—then another shell—ch 6—another shell—turn and come back. The shells on each edge will now be the same. In the middle shell put 10 long crochet stitches, on the next row put 10 short crochet stitches in middle shell. Decrease 1 every round until 11 rows, then fasten the two edges together. Then put on the outside row of shells, finished by another round of three stitches fastened in every stitch of the edge. I have worked from these directions, but if you have any trouble with it, address—ADA HAMIL, Valley Point, W. Va.

Dame Fashion's Voice.

Bonnets are frequently tied by two colors of narrow ribbons, corresponding to the leading colors in materials. This brings a bunch of loops under the chin, which is quite becoming.

It is no longer the fashion to display the wedding gifts to the guests, but they are arranged in a chamber where only the relatives and nearest friends are invited to inspect them.

The sleeves of summer dresses are quite stylish made a little full, with gathering around the upper side of the top, then fulled in to a deep cuff that reaches almost to the elbow. This is very pretty for dresses made of thin material.

Correspondence.

BABY'S DRESS.—The skirt should not be too long and heavy. There should be sleeves to the dresses the length of the arms. Bare arms are frequently cold arms. The surrounding air is not at all times of the same temperature, and a baby is too tender and delicate to be exposed to the chill evening or morning air. We may sometimes see a mother with a sick baby in her arms, its arms bare to the shoulder, while its embroidered skirts are sweeping the floor. Women, sometimes, have contracted fatal colds by standing or sitting with naked arms and necks, in cold rooms or drafts; and no one should suppose that a baby is less liable to contract cold than an older person.

The clothing should never bear heavily upon the chest, nor impede the motion of the limbs. Yet many women persist in wrapping the baby so closely that it can scarce breath, and then they wonder why it cries and wails so much and call it cross. I do not think a baby is apt to cry very much if it is entirely comfortable, and when one cries efforts should be made to ascertain the cause.

Some one says in the *Home Journal:* "I wish all mothers would adopt the practice of making their baby's diapers of from one-half to three quarters of a yard square. I think there are fully as many children made bow-legged by diapers that are too small, or by wearing too many diapers at a time, as are made so by walking too young. Many mothers labor under the mistaken idea that all of baby's clothing must be made so that it will be firm (very much so sometimes.) My theory is that every stitch of baby's clothing should be made large enough, so that when the little one is encased in it he will have plenty of room to grow. Let everything be just as loose as possible, and especially let the diaper be so. I know of more than one little one whose limbs were bent and deformed by their mother's ignorance or stubbornness, in persisting upon making the helpless little creatures wear diapers so small that it must have caused the poor little innocents perfect agony at the time. When making baby's clothing it is just as easy to make it plenty large as to make it small, and it is infinitely more comfortable and better in every way for the little one, than to be bound up in garments that might fit an ordinary sized doll. No wonder that so many of our little ones are misshapen in so many ways when mothers persist in this firmness.

No baby can be comfortable with more than one diaper on at a time, and this habit of folding one, two, or even more, as some mothers do, and placing them between the little limbs, is absolute cruelty, for they force the limbs unnaturally apart and then keep them so, and in nine cases out of ten, when baby begins to walk the thighs and knees will bulge out, and then the mother and nurse will say, "I can not imagine what makes him or her so bowlegged. I am sure I kept him from walking as long as possible, that he might not be so." Stop and think, mother. Was not your baby's diaper too small, or did you not make him wear a number of them? That is usually where the mischief lies, and through the mother's ignorance or stubbornness, baby must suffer all through life.

And here is something by Fanny Fanshaw in regard to baby's pillows: "When my little one was about six months of age I took him up one day from his afternoon nap and his little head was dripping with a heavy perspiration, moreover his small pillow, feathers of course, was wet through. This led me to investigate the matter, for I felt that such a heat must prove injurious to the brain. I then found the following sensible advice from the pen of the lamented Dr. Dio Lewis: "The proximate, if not the original cause of a large proportion of deaths among American babies is some malady of the brain. When we suppose the deaths to originate from dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause of the death is an affection of the brain, supervening upon bowel disease. The heads of American babies are, for the most part, hot-houses. What mischief must then come "for keeping them buried 24 hours out of every 24 in feather pillows. It makes me shiver to think of the number of deaths among these precious little ones, which I myself have seen, where I doubted not cool straw pillows would have saved them. The hair pillow is inferior to straw, since it is not so easily renovated. But not fail to keep their heads cool while sleeping."

The material which I then found the best for my baby's pillows, for straw seemed too hard, was deer's hair, such as is used to stuff the foolish bustles worn by us "slaves of fashion."

Have you never seen a woman take her baby from its feather pillow, its head wet with perspiration, and take her seat, with that baby in her arms, between the doors, in the cool wind? If you have not you are more fortunate than some others. And then when the baby is taken sick they wonder why it must be so. Lighted lamps should be kept out of baby's room at night, for the light is injurious to the infant, and the air is rendered impure by burning lamps, and then it is the easiest thing in the world, or one of the easiest things, done, at least, to spoil the baby, for the baby is a little human being, and human beings, large or small, young or old, are easily spoiled. Did you never see a spoiled grown person? If you have not, I have seen grown persons who had been so humored in every whim by those around them until they were very disagreeable.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Pulaski Co., Ky.

A WORD TO FARMERS' WIVES.—I believe there are more farmers' wives who read the Toledo BLADE than any other paper, and I want to say a few words to them through its columns.

We know that as a class of women they are proverbially overworked, or overwork themselves. The cause must be that when a wife first comes to her new home, she is full of health and ambition, and desirous to do her full share of the work in making the home. Consequently, she lifts up and carries a burden which increases in an inverse ratio to her strength. After awhile this burden becomes too much for all its added calls, and yet the poor woman sees no escape. She staggers on year after year, until the thread of life snaps and the place is ready for a fresh aspirant.

Let us take a glimpse at the life out of doors on the same farm. True the farm is enlarged and the work is more abundant. Has the farmer's health given away? Ah! no! Here are four or a half a dozen hired men at work with this machine or that. Nearly all farm work is now lightened or lifted by excellent machines, and the men gather around the supper table at night after a day in the hay or harvest field, with the vigor of the morning scarcely dulled, and wonder why that woman who wearily turns to the coffee pot always looks so fagged out. "Surely, she must be a little lazy," they conclude.

Many a time my heart has ached when I have met these toil-burdened wives, and seen the money expended for any thing that will help along out of doors, while inside there was scarce a full supply of dishes even. I wish that if any such reads these words she would rouse herself to make a change for herself. Very likely you can not persuade your husband that you need servants and machines. Nevertheless, get them—get all you need—until there is time to rest, read and drive, and love and train those little ones that God will require at your hands.

I know the struggle will be hard for you to procure this help, but with your woman's wit you can do it. It is your right.

Do not be afraid if the neighbors call you shiftless, and your husband thinks you will break him up. He affords machines and help, which cost far more than yours will, and you with your little strength need it more than he does.

And, last, let me urge you to keep up with the times in your dress, your manners and your intelligence. Don't ever grow so dowdy and ignorant that your husband is ashamed to take you to town with him, or your children blush to acknowledge you in the presence of their associates.

Oh, mothers! yours is to your children's truest love on this earth. Your care is their safeguard. Do make yourself worthy of their love and respect, by first taking care of your bodies and then of your minds.—E. K. CHASE.

WANTS JUSTICE.—Let me have my say about girls. I think there are plenty of girls that work at home that do not get for their labor half what a hired girl gets. I do sympathize with a girl whose mother is dead, does the work for a whole family, and only receive such clothing as she cannot do without. I speak from experience, for my mother has been dead nearly two years. Since that time I have done the work for a large family, and father has never given me one cent that I could call my own. This year, ending July 31, he has not spent one cent for clothing for myself and two younger sisters. What leisure time I had out of the household duties, doing little jobs for others, and with my poultry, I have managed to obtain clothing for us three.

Now, do you think father does right? If he had to hire help, the bill would have been no less than $50 for this year, while he has given me nothing but my board. Of course this is not the case with all girls, but many of them are not dealt justly with. I am glad "Canna Bell" and others remember us. We need sympathy to cheer us on our way. Any advice given will be thankfully received by me. I would be glad to correspond with the young ladies and gentlemen of the HOUSEHOLD, especially those living in Western Kansas or Colorado. I sometimes get lonesome and want something to do for pastime. I want to hear something from "Sunny Kansas."—LENA WALLA.

Inquiries.

Can any member or reader of the HOUSEHOLD give me a remedy for defective eyesight? And can any one of them tell me where *Hall's Journal of Health* is published? Also, have to say, that all those who desire Unitarian tracts and papers, can have them by sending postage, Jamestown, O.—LEVELLY SHELEY.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD inform me where i can get the necessary implements and material for making wax flowers?—MRS. J. O. G., Lynchburg, Va.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me where I can get the old fashioned amber beads, the kind people used to wear for weak eyes.—Mrs. C. S., Mingona, Kan.

In one of the late BLADES I noticed a lady spoke of making roses of silk worm cocoons. Would the lady that makes them please write to me, as I have several pounds of cocoons not disposed of yet? I wish some one living on the coast where shells can be gathered would also write me.—MRS. HERBERT GOGGS, Delta, Colorado.

Will some one that has the seed of a mole-tree that I have seen spoken of in the household please send me a few? I will return postage.—P. O. Box, No. 1, Prairie du Lac, Lake county, Wis.

Will some of the readers please tell me whether bronchitis can be cured or not, if so what is a sure cure?—A CONSTANT READER.

If those persons who have desired even to the extent of requesting, to be accepted as trust patients, at "Our Home," Dansville, N. Y., would like to exchange with one of their number, for mutual benefit, ideas upon health-treatment at own home, they can address MISS MARY A. WESCOTT, Wauseon, Wis.

Will some one give directions for crocheting a collerette of zephyr?—READER.

Will some one give a permanent cure for stammering?—GOLDIE.

If any of the readers of the BLADE have a combination card to the Beatty organ, would they be kind enough to send me each of the twelve combinations. I will be willing to pay postage. I have lost mine, and the company has quit making that style of organ. Mine is a Beethoven. Address MRS. M. BRADSHAW, Fairfield, Ills.

Would like to have directions for crocheting fancy lamp mat.—MAY, Bloomington, Ind.

Will some one be kind enough to give the formula of making rhubarb wine, mulberry wine and grape wine from wild grapes?—C. E. MONROE, Kirkman, Iowa.

Will some one state what kind of clothing it would be necessary for a lady to have in taking a short trip to Lower California in October? Please describe a full outfit, dresses, wraps, etc. I do not want to be burdened with much baggage.—WOULD-BE TOURIST.

Will some of those that I sent pin cushion pattern to please let me know if they have received it, and how they like it? I have sent 93 patterns in all, and one-third went to the state of Ohio. Will some one please send me the words of the song "Belle Mahone," and I will return favor?—"LINA ARLINGTON, Pottsville, Allamakee Co., Ia.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD furnish or tell me where I can get the song entitled "The Dying Girl's Message?" Also, "Let the Beautiful Gates Ajar?" If any one can tell me they will greatly oblige an old reader.—CARRIE D. ASTON, Protection, Kan.

We make the following exception to our usual rule about inquiries for individuals, for a special reason:

Will any one knowing the whereabouts of Henry Gasser please send information by postal card to W. H. A., Lyle, Kas.?

Answers to Inquiries.

Will the editor please tell me where I can get a good doctor book for women that would explain the diseases of her sex, whether married or single?—ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

Send to the Sanitary Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.—ED.

Could you inform me where I could send and get flowers for transfer work, such as is used in painting satin, velvet, china, etc? Give me the address of some firm that would give me the information required.—D. V. W. and E. S. N.

Get a *Harper's Bazar*, and you will, we think, find an advertisement there. It contained one a short time since.—ED.

In describing her home Jennie Jacobs mentions a "Dado." As a "Dado" is something I never heard of before, I would like to ask the editor or one of the sisters to tell me just what it is.—HOUSE & HOME-KEEPER.

The term dado, as she used it, refers to the papering between the base-board of the room and a line drawn some two or two and a half feet above, which is different from the paper used from that line to the ceiling. The two kinds are separated by a border, which comes for the purpose. —ED.

Would say to "Three Years Subscriber" I have had the same trouble with my baby. Used Castoria and injections also. A physician told me that it was a weakness, or inactivity of the muscle. He gave me a prescription which afforded some relief, but I find oatmeal, graham mush and fruits most effective—fruit in abundance especially. Fresh bananas are very good, but give them in the morning. I think milk has a tendency toward constipation.

Mark in diamonds or squares on your floor with a piece of chalk a rule.—S. E. R., Chadren, Dawes County, Neb.

Please permit me to correct one of the errors in my last BLADE. I wrote "all fruits are grown here, but oranges and raisin grapes lead, because most profitable." By changing a comma and adding s to raisin it read "all fruits are grown here but oranges and raisins, grapes lead," etc. This makes a direct libel on our fair colony the fame of whose fine raisins and delicious oranges (which took the highest premiums and gold medals at New Orleans Exposition) are becoming household words in the east wherever their qualities have been tested.—MEG MERRILES.

Sometime ago I asked the readers of the household for a remedy for weak lungs and throat disease and through their kindness I received more letters and cards than I can answer; and would like to thank the writers for the specimens of Greek Valerian and the remedies they sent me, also the good advice and I hope to be benefited by them. We have found an abundance of the Greek Valerian growing here.—MRS. JENNIE BIGBEE, Collins Station, Ind.

If the lady asking for advice for her little child seventeen months old will feed it sorghum, and give it sorghum cookies to eat, giving in between at regular time once a day it will cure it. I speak by my boy when he had fits from constipation. He was raised on bottle. If she will write me with self addressed envelope I will write more fully.—MRS. E. A. MOORE, Box 430, Ft. Scott, Kan.

Recipes.

Spiced Currants.—To 7 lbs. of fruit add 1 pt. of vinegar and 3½ lbs. of sugar; boil together till they are like marmalade; just before taking off the fire add powdered cinnamon and cloves to the taste; cook a few minutes longer, then pour in jars. It is a good accompaniment of roast meat, and the dark crimson mass makes a pretty dish on the table.

Blackberry Mush.—To 2 qts. ripe berries add 1½ pts. boiling water and 1 lb. sugar; cook a few moments, then stir in a pint of wheat flour; boil a few minutes longer, pass through a mild sieve, cool, and serve with cream or hard sauce.

Fruit Pudding.—Stew any kind of small fruit, fresh or dried, with sugar to taste, and pour hot over thin slices of baker's bread with crust cut off, making alternate layers of fruit and bread, and leaving a thick layer of fruit for the last. Put a plate on top, and when cool set on ice; serve with cream and sugar.

Tomato Soup.—One qt. ripe tomatos, 1 of water; stew till soft; add 1 teaspoonful of soda; salt, butter and pepper to taste, then add 1 qt. of boiling milk, and a little rolled crackers. Let boil a minute and serve.—MRS. D. HOLLENBACK.

Currant Catsup.—Four lbs. currants, 1½ lbs. sugar, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, of salt, cloves and pepper of each 1 teaspoonful, and 1 pt. vinegar. Stew the currants and sugar until well done, then add spices. Cook until quite thick and can for use.

Nice Cucumber Pickles—Put in a layer of cucumbers, then a layer of horse radish leaves and mustard pods, if you can get them, then another of cucumbers, and leaves, etc., and fill your jar or tub. Then make a weak brine and pour over. Let it stand four days, then drain and cover with cold vinegar. Let it stand a week, then pour off and cover again with new vinegar, adding mustard seed, pepper, ginger root, cloves, or what ever spices you wish. These pickles will be nice and brittle and green without being colored with verdigris from a copper or brass kettle.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

IRVINGTON CO., ORE.	Etta Kitchen	Joe Llewellyn
B. E. Moore	May Zumwalt	John Llewellyn
Mary Kitchen	Daisy Bond	Willie Llewellyn
Nora Inwall	IRVING, OREGON.	Laura Epley
Sey. Ginger	Matilda Fisher	Frank Epley
Henry Inwall	Mattie Ozle	Charlie Epley
Jesse Flint	Lanty Mulkey	Bertha Fink
Evan Marks	Philip Mulkey	Winnie Meinzer
Gilliam Kitchen	Kate Earhart	Fletcher Meinzer
Paul Zumwalt	Zinsy Mulkey	Jessie Evans
Benj. Bushnell	Emma Mulkey	SALEM, ILL.
Amanda Bond	David Fisher	Frank Sayre
Kate Bond	Willie Fisher	Heman Hedger
Ollie McConnell	Everet Yoakum	Smith Hedger
Susie January	Willie Erhart	Eva Yoakum
Robert Bushnell	Louisa Zumwalt	Ollie Carman
Ed Maxwell	Bertie Kirk	Guy Irwin
Dora Bond	Elmer Kirk	Alvie Watkins
Phebe Mulkey	Ella Montgom'ry	Isaac Carman
Ed Zumwalt	Edd Bond	Hattie Tomlins'n
Neal Wimmer	Nellie Bruce	Frances Bruseke
R. S. Poole	Jas McConnell	John Bruseke
J. E. Jennings	Adda Jennings	Bella Tozer
J. J. Bowers	Mattie Jennings	Frank Tozer
Lulu Flint	FAIRFIELD, NEB.	Chas Hartley
Eva Esmond	Maggie O'Brien	Guy Hartley
George Bowers	Mary O'Brien	Susie Hartley
A. G. Jennings	Peter O'Brien	Mary Hartley
Allie Bowers	Patrick O'Brien	Dora Tomlinson
Houston Ingley	Annie Afflerbaugh	Schnoodles
Ada Goodman	Rufy Afflerbaugh	Bertie Lloyd
Ella Goodman	Eva Shively	Julia Vaughan
J. J. Bowers	Gilbert Shively	WINTER VALLEY,
Bruce Bond	Jennie Smith	IND.
Tom Poole	Percy Hunter	Lizzie Pearce
George Jennings	Mamie Carpenter	Lulie A. Scotten
Willie Fields	Harland Meinzer	FRONTIER, MICH.
Nellie Saltsman	John McConnell	Johnnie Fouse
Minnie Jennings	Arthur McConnell	Nettie H. Kingsley
Dora Pitzer	Willie McConnell	

Names this week, 112. Total, 19,925.

The above embraces all names received up to June 30.

WORK.

BY MAY N. PRESCOTT.

"Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?"
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding the grist in the mill, hard by;
I've been laughing at work, while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win."

"Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?"
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells,
I'm swelling the torrent, and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

"Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?"
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one."

"Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?"
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor, as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle, or be it a rose—
A secret worth knowing."

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun;
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?
—*Pansy.*

POLLY'S TERRIBLE WISH.

BY SARAH DE WOLF GAMWELL.

"Oh, I wish I was dead!"

You would never have belived it to have looked at her! You would never have believed that she could have been wicked enough, to say nothing of being foolish enough, to have even thought, much less to have said, out loud, such a dreadful wish. But she did! Polly said it! In the very face of that spring day, standing by the sunny south window of her mother's kitchen. And such a kitchen as it was, too! Such a generous, old-fashioned, grandmotherly kind of a kitchen, with its sanded floor, and its long table, both scrubbed to the color of new milk by Polly's own hands that very morning, with its rows of shining tins scoured till you could see your face in each one of them—a kitchen flooded all through and through, from its front door to its back, with sunshine, looking for all the world as a kitchen ought to look, as if it was the heart of the house—the center from which all its good things do come.

Polly said it! The lilac tree outside the window heard her and shook his boughs at her. The robin redbreast heard her and cocked one eye at her from the eave-spout over the well-house. The south wind heard her and stopped his skirmishing among the tall trees in the garden to wonder what it all meant. Old Malty, the cat, who had "got ready for company" on that middle board behind the kitchen stove ever since she could remember, heard her, and sat bolt upright on his haunches, with wide staring eyes that never even winked, so great was his horror, while he actually forgot to wash his face again for the rest of the day. All these heard her, but, worst of all, Ned, her roly-poly, dimpled, nine-months-old baby brother Ned, heard her, and throwing down his rattle, started off on "all fours" to see what it was all about.

But none of these could tell—neither the lilac tree, nor the robin, nor the south wind, nor the cat, nor the baby, could begin to guess—neither can you read it, this story begin to guess the the dreadful reason why Polly, standing by the south window of her mother's sunny kitchen, expressed such a dreadful wish.

Right across from the window where Polly stood, on the hill among the pine trees, so near that on a clear, bright morning like this she could count the panes in the tower, a great house had gone up.

Day after day, Polly had watched the workmen throwing out bay-windows, finishing cornices, erecting balconies, till, when it was finished, and its tower shot up against the blue sky, it seemed to her a miracle of beauty. "The grandest house in all the world, I do believe," said Polly, thinking about it.

Polly thought about it a great deal. In her ten years she had never before seen such splendor; she never expected to see such again—no, not if she lived to be as old as Methuselah. One day she climbed up on a high chair, that had done duty through four generations of family babies, and took down from the neat top shelf in the pantry, where it had lain in undisturbed repose since the last "zamination," a dog-eared "Mitchell's geography." She turned over its leaves slowly till she found a picture of Windsor Castle, which she studied for some time. The result might not have been entirely to her mind, for she shut the book with a bang and put it back to its place. "Victory's house may be some larger, but, pshaw! I don't believe it's much grander anyhow!" and that settled it with Polly's democratic little heart.

And now I know you are all wondering what all this, that happened nearly a year ago, could possibly have to do with Polly's unhappiness on this spring morning, or if it had anything to do with it. In the first place, I am sorry to tell you that it had everything to do with it, because, after Polly had looked at this house till she could shut her eyes and see it all in the dark, all at once she began to wish that it was hers, and from wishing she soon went into fretting. She listened while people told how Judge Vaughn, a rich gentleman in the city, had built this house among the pines for his only daughter, whose mother was dead, and who had always been in poor health.

"Why don't my father build a nice house for me, I should like to know! I am his only child, or should be, if it were not for Ned," she said.

Now Polly loved her brother, but somehow the more she looked at that great house, and pictured to herself all the ease and luxury within those thick brick walls, the less patience she found for his little mischievous ways.

"I most know they don't have any crying babies up there," she complained to herself, "and, when Miss Mabel Vaughn comes, she wont have to draw a baby-cart half her time.

"Draw a baby-cart, indeed!" That very morning Polly had seen her! In such a carriage, with such horses, and such a driver! And the dress she wore was of such a color! Polly couldn't tell if it made her think most of the waves of the sea or of the stretch of the sky at sunset, when the light has most faded, and left only a glow! Polly didn't have one thought of pity for the pale face that looked out of the blue silk curtains. You could not have made her believe that anybody deserved pity, who could wear such a dress and ride in such a carriage.

"And I never had a single dress better than a striped delaine, worth seventeen and three fourths cents a yard. And I never rode in a carriage, or anything better than a buckboard, in my life!"

And this was the identical reason that poor Polly had cried out that she "wished she was dead."

"Polly! Polly!" came just then from the room overhead. Polly's mother was turning the rag-carpet in her chamber. How Polly hated rag-carpets! but she stood still and would not answer her, though she knew she must be very tired and would have to come down-stairs to find her. Baby heard his mother, and started off to pound on the stair way door with his pink fists, but before he had reached the door his mother had opened it.

"Why, Polly, didn't you hear me? I have called you half a dozen times. I want you to look after the dinner for father and the man to-day, for I must finish the work in the chamber."

"I thought your head ached," said Polly, without turning around."

"Yes, it did, this morning, but it is Saturday, and you know I do not have you every day, Polly," and, gi

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

JOHN MARTIN, Dakota—To rid your hogs of lice, first sponge them with soft soap and water, and rub them with crude petroleum, and give for several days a quarter drachm of copperas in their feed. If after using the petroleum for a few days you find any lice remaining, rub the parts with Scotch snuff and lard, mixed. The sty should be kept clean. While a hog is considered a filthy animal, he is not so in fact. He is cleanly about where he sleeps if he has a chance. The wallowing in the mud is an excellent thing, as it effectually cleans the skin. It acts the same on a hog as the dust bath on poultry. A good wallow is a great help to hogs.

W. T. Northret, Wisconsin: For the profuse stalling in your horse, give this as dose, repeating once a day for three days: Iodine, one drachm; iodide of potash, half a drachm. Powder and mix with linseed meal to make a ball. Give a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a bran mash every morning and night for a week. The American Farmers' Cyclopedia, in addition to the above, to complete the treatment recommends: Epsom salts, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; linseed meal, four ounces. Mix. Give a tablespoonful twice a day in soft food.

SUBSCRIBER, Indianapolis, Ind.—For the swelled bag in your mare, take of belladonna, 1 oz.; vaseline, 4 ozs. This is useful if painted over the bag, to disperse the inflammation and to prevent matter forming. It should be applied freely and persistently all around the quarters of the udder. It prevents and checks the secretion of milk.

B. J. R., Massachusetts.—To cure your horse of nettle rash, give a cathartic of pii or aloes. Then give bicarbonate of soda in half-ounce doses, three times a day, dissolved in water The horse should be promptly sponged three times a day with bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz; Scheele's prussic acid, 2 drs; water, 19 ocs; mix and label it "poison."

J. T. PARTEL, Iowa.—Cribbing is considered incurable. The best thing is to compress the throat with a neck strap, which may be had of most saddlers.

R. L. F., Kansas.—Rock salt is a good thing in either sickness or health, for a horse. A piece weighing, say two pounds, may be placed where he may lick at it. A horse in health will consume about a pound of salt per month. Table salt is good as a flavoring ingredient, but it must be used more sparingly than rock salt, as to place it in feed, too much may be given. Of rock salt a horse will take just the quantity necessary for him.

Fly Attacks on Live Stock.

The *Farming World*, at Edinburg, Scotland, discusses the question of flies and live stock as follows:

The annual loss upon the cattle of this country from the attacks of the ox-warble fly has been estimated at £8,000,000. The loss in value on warbled hides is often 10s. or 15s apiece; and Mr. Stratton is of the opinion that from injury to beef, milk, and other causes, the loss amounts to £1 a head on the cattle in this country. As would be noticed from our report of the Directors' meeting last week, the Highland society has sent a circular to the secretaries of 192 local agricultural societies in Scotland, drawing attention to the loss sustained by farmers from the damages done to hides, and even to beef, by warbles, and asking them to move in the matter, and get their members to adopt means to prevent the warble-fly from depositing its eggs in the hides of the animals. This, the circular stated, is easily done by washing the animals' backs with a Saple wash of tobacco and common soap, or with a proper sheep-dip. The proper time to do this is in August and September. The bots should also be pinched or squeezed out and destroyed in spring or early summer. Along with the circular there were sent to each secretary from six to twelve copies of two reports and notes on the warble-fly, kindly placed at the disposal of the society by the writer—Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, Dunster Lodge, Isleworth. The secretary, F. N. Menzie, esq., 3 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, stated that copies of the circular and pamphlets could be supplied on application to him.

Cases are frequently met with of young horses dying from perforation of the stomach, owing to the ravages of the parasite bot maggot. The fly deposits its eggs on the skin of the horse, where the ova hatch in about three weeks, and the larvæ make their escape as maggots, to be next transferred to the stomach of the horse along with food and drink, where they occasion the severe disorder in the digestive organs of the horse known as the "bots." It is readily seen that twenty to fifty, or even more of these gregarious parasites feeding upon the mucus of the stomach, and piercing indents deeply into it, must be a serious injury to the animal, and will often explain their falling out of condition. But with the simple and efficient remedy above prescribed within the reach of all, horse owners will not be doing their duty if they allow such things continually to occur.

Horses suffer great annoyance from flies in summer time, not having long tails like cattle to reach every part of their body; and wherever any artificial sore may be present, the flies are sure to find it out. We are often asked to recommend any method of obviating the excessive inconvenience to horses caused by flies in hot season. There no doubt, do so to a certain extent, but they are on the other hand, the cause of extra heat, and often of irritation. Besides, nets are not available for horses at the grass. As a hair wash for horses to keep off flies, we have found a solution of walnut leaves very satisfactory. It is made as follows: Having gathered a good handful of walnut leaves, let them simmer in a pint of water for about three hours. Then pour off the liquid, bottle it, and before a horse goes out, with a sponge damp his head, ears, and other parts most affected by the flies, carefully avoiding all white patches on the horse, on account of the dye. Of course the solution can be strengthened by adding more leaves or less water as required. If properly made, flies will never come near the smell of the liquid, although it is very slightly, if at all, perceptible to us. The effect of once damping the hair will last for a considerable time, but not for a whole day. Horses may also be protected, in a great measure at least, in the way already recommended for cattle, or by wiping them all over with a sponge dipped in soap suds, in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed.

The bot-fly of the sheep inhabits the frontal sinus of its host, where it produces the disease known amongst shepherds as "grub in the head." The best preventive is a little coal tar on the sheep's nostrils. The maggots of the flesh-fly are infinitely more troublesome and dangerous to sheep in sultry and moist weather. When the weather is warm the fly deposits its eggs on wet and dirty parts of the wool, and the ova are soon hatched, when the maggots immediately begin to burrow into the skin of the sheep, and if left to work their will for any length of time, they will actually eat the sheep alive. Dipping with McDougall's sheep dip is the best preventive. A good dressing for destroying the maggots is a combination of one part of oil of turpentine to three parts of sweet oil. Various decoctions are sold for the same purpose, most of which also profess to be preventives if applied to keep the fly from depositing its eggs in the wool.

More Pigs Much Wanted.

The present markets for pork and other farm products afford an important suggestion to farmers generally. Mess pork, which sold slow at $20 per barrel but a few months ago, goes quick now at $20. A fat 300 pound live hog that brought in the Chicago market six months ago $12 to $13, now readily brings $15 to 17. This partly due to the smaller corn crop of 1886, though with corn at about the same price as a year ago, the hogs coming in are fed to much less weight than then. The fact is, there is a very small stock of hogs in the country, and the supply is being drawn down very low, the lighter imperfectly-fattened animals being hurried off to market. The result of all this, including the hog cholera scare, is so reducing the number of hogs in most states that there is not likely to be enough to meet the demand; and the outlook is, that it will be a year or more before there will be enough swine in the country to depress the markets to a low figure again. A greatly increased production of pigs at the earliest day possible, would seem to be a wise move, and those able to first accomplish this are likely to be large gainers.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Dairy Notes.

All butter is grease, but all grease is not butter.

Poor land, says a contemporary, produces milk that is deficient in fatty matters and therefore better adapted for cheese than for butter-making. If it had been stated that the poor land produces very little milk, it would have been more truly stated.

One hundred pounds of buttermilk has as much nutritive value as twenty pounds of corn, and is better adapted to young pigs. If three-quarters of a pound of boiled flaxseed or one pound of old-style linseed-oil meal be added to the above quantity of buttermilk, the latter would be almost as nutritious as new milk.

Infested by Spanish Flies.

The town and vicinity of Trenton, Mo., have been infested for a week or so by an insect, the description of which agrees fully with a species of cantharides, a Spanish fly, as given in the United States Dispensatory. The insects come in perfect swarms, and they not only devour vegetation with avidity, but their vesticating power on the human body is equal fully to cantharides. Fully 1,000 people in Trenton are at present nursing blisters caused by this fly, and lights in residences at night have been almost abandoned for fear of attracting the poisonous insect.

Farm Fagots.

Poor tools on the farm mean poor work, hard work and slow work.

The farmers who are humbugged are not usually those who read the papers.

The crown prince of Germany sells 1,000 quarts of milk daily from his dairy farm near Berlin.

Economy requires that cows should be sheltered from excessive heat, as well as from cold and storms.

Experiments show that the native thick-skinned grapes are better winter keepers than our improved varieties.

Cut off one-half of the ewe lamb's tails and two-thirds of the wethers'—a good distinguishing mark in large flocks.

Secretary Shaffer states that the use of pyrethrum on cabbage plants to kill the worms has been attended with entire success.

The grape vine is greatly benefitted by an occasional application of plaster (sulphate of lime). It requires some sulphur and likes lime.

The carriage and other varnished work should not be kept where the pungent fumes of ammonia in horse manure can reach it, as it spoils the varnish.

It is claimed that Orchard Hill, Ga., has the largest peach orchard in the world. It comprises 790 acres and contains 84,000 trees, and is owned by J. D. Cunningham.

Good care is the farmer's best horse and cow doctor. Give the bull more bran than meal if you want him to be sure. Fat and confinement will make him sluggish and impotent.

Use the soot from the stove-pipes and chimneys. It is excellent for flowers and plants. Mix it with water, about a peck of soot to a barrel of water, and apply with a watering-pot.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

Never use whitewash in the stables or hen-houses unless carbolic acid is added to it, as a single application of the mixture is better than a crowd of deadened flats, and does not secretes himself on the house top. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation, and blasphemy, and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands, his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, whould never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The doctrine of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean eurocydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it? So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crush it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. See how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, Eng., is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. At their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes, and highest style of religion and civilization. For 50 years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to a trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started and was enlightened, a commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life to an unbeliever will seem two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to his mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had, in the agitation, tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mobjat the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows, and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when the heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian grain ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the walk talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming time others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the storm alive and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Capt. Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman who went off that ship without thanking Capt. Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as for the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. Many of the rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there, also, were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin, bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon, thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must put that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son visiting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then, all alone, father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held the rope. Other men may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

And I said: "Is that all!" And he answered: "That is all?" And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, as triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and thing which are dispised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder pulled out from England in New York. She had been equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot-box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by the distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the look-out cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was hailed with the wrecks of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him.

A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over precipice a 100 feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousond tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity effected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

News of the Week.

THE GREAT STOCK JOBBERS.

How Gould and Sage Made Cyrus Go "Patter, Patter, Patter."

NEW YORK, June 29.—[Special wire.]—In regard to the sale of the block of 50,000 shares of Manhattan Elevated railway stock by Cyrus W. Field to Jay Gould, the *Times* says: "Jay Gould and Russell Sage are triumphant; Cyrus W. Field's scalp has been taken. Wall street has a new victory to celebrate, and aboridginal savagery is once more discounted by the Stock Exchange.

"Mr. Field made a brave fight, but he did not realize until the end came that he was to be struck down in the very house of his friends. He knows a good many things now that he didn't even dream of a week ago; he has learned the value of professing friendship and declared partnership; he has seen what dirt and cents have to do with loyalty; he discovers how cheap is duplicity and double-dealing and downright betrayal.

"His feet have gone 'patter, patter, patter,' just as Deacon Russell Sage prophesied they were bound to go when the time was ripe for the Sage and Gould onslaught.

"On information coming direct from Jay Gould and Russell Sage, the *Times* chronicled the fact last week that that distinguished twain had Field's financial discomforture in view when they precipitated what amounted to a Stock Exchange panic by schemes that enabled them to get a temporary corner on money.

"Men of consequence saw through the Gould-Sage tactics early in the game. The terrific battle in Manhattan was given Manhattan stock settled all questions as to the purpose of the precious pair, and the convictions thus formed were made indisputable when, early in the panicky time of Friday, while Manhattan was slumping headlong down over 40 points, one of Mr. Field's most prominent personal brokers had to go begging around the street for an extension on his contracts.

"No hint of this has hitherto been made public; had it been announced during the scenes on the Stock Exchange, a sweeping panic could not have been stayed. But the extension petioned for was given; disaster was prevented. And the man who was so merciful and generous at that critical moment was a man whom Cyrus W. Field has attacked ruthlessly.

"The generosity of an enemy kept off a panic then, just as the thrusts of friends and partners now accomplish embarrassment and sack him of fearful spoils. There is more than one kind of man in Wall street."

Early yesterday morning Wall street began to bloom out with stories corroborative of all the *Times* had outlined, and before noon the floating rumors had crystalized into the generally expressed belief that Field had been obliged to seek Gould's favor, swapping a big block of Manhattan stock for needed money.

Fifty thousand shares of stock it was agreed, had been given up by Field.

The first quoted price was $125 a share, but that rate was not long accepted, and before business closed for the day it generally passed on the stock exchange as an undisputed fact that Gould had been obliged only to pay $90 a share for the $5,000,000 he had taken.

Some very strenuous efforts were made to disguise the transaction, but before the day was over nobody presumed to deny any of the main facts. What are Mr. Field's losses? That is something that nobody but himself can figure out. A good deal of Mr. Field's stock cost him very little. He picked it up half a dozen years ago, when with Sage and Gould he carried a bear campaign to such an unscrupulous extent that most legitimate investors were frightened out of their stock at great sacrifices.

But during the last two or three years, since the stock was ballooned away up—10 and 20 and 50 and 75 points above par, he has been obliged to take on a big additional burden of the stock at the inflated price, in order to keep the quotations safe and steady, and it is hardly likely that his average price fell any under par.

Sage, for certain (and Gould doubtlessly,) have salted him with stock at high prices. Russell Sage for instance—sleek, mild-mannered Presbyterian elder, that he is—sold out on Cyrus, over 2,500 shares of stock in one lot two or three months ago at about 158; and to deceive Cyrus into the idea that he was playing fair, either Sage has been borrowing that amount of stock ever since rather than run the risk of detection by giving up the shares that stand in his own name.

Mr. Sage says now: "Cyrus still has some money left. It is wrong to report that he is dead-broke."

But Mr. Field finds that his surplus is in any way burdensome, however, he can still find Sage in business at the old stand.

GROWTH IN THE SOUTH.

What the Manufacturers' Record has to Say of the Prosperity.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—The *Manufacturers' Record* publishes its semi-annual review of the industrial growth of the South, giving the name, location and character of business of all new manufacturing and mining companies organized or established in the fourteen Southern states during the last three months, the number of new enterprises and the amount of capital invested since January 1, 1887, as compared with the same time in 1886. These figures show that the industrial activity throughout the South during the first half of 1887 was far greater than ever before, the number of new enterprises organized or established in that time, excluding all that are merely projected or talked of, having been 1,855, against 812 for the same time last year, or largely more than double.

The amount of capital represented by the new enterprises organized or chartered in the South, and in the enlargement of old plants and rebuilding of mills destroyed by fire, during the first six months of 1886 was $62,618,200, while during the first six months of 1887 it reached an aggregate of $161,192,000. These figures demonstrate the absolute soundness and stability of the wonderful progress of the manufacturing interests of the Southern states.

Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, will sail for New York from London, on the steamer Servia, July 2.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

Speculation as to the Vote to be Polled at the Coming Election—Work In the Past.

DELAWARE, O., June 29.—(Special.)—It seems to be the privilege of our Prohibition brethren to make extensive claims as to the vote they will receive in Ohio. The expressions are many among them that it will even exceed the remarkable large vote given to Dr. Leonard two years ago, which was the largest ever reached by the Prohibition party. In this connection it will be interesting to briefly review the past history of the Prohibition strength in Ohio.

Prior to 1869 there were but two tickets before the people, and this party came into existence that year, when Dr. Samuel Scott was nominated for governor. He was not, as many people believe, the famous author of the Dow law, and he is still living, and is regarded by old-time Prohibitionists as the father of that party in Ohio. Dr. Scott is entitled to as much honor as he can derive from the fact for he received the magnificent vote of 679 out of a total vote of 463,340.

This was the beginning, and the increase in 1870 was certainly gratifying, when J. Odell, of Cleveland, Ohio, received 2,862 votes for secretary of state. There was a considerable increase the following year, when Gideon T. Stewart, Prohibition candidate for governor, out of a total vote of 460,462, he received 4,084 votes. This was the year when Geo. Noyes defeated Hon. W. Cook. The following year F. Schumacker, the oat meal manufacturer of Akron, was nominated candidate for secretary of state, and who contributed handsomely to the campaign fund.

However, he received almost one-half the votes canvassed for Stewart the year before, which was certainly not very encouraging. In the seventies, when the days of the famous Grant-Greeley campaign, James Black, the Prohibition candidate for President, received 2,000 votes in Ohio, which was just 45 less than the vote for Schumacker. Gideon T. Stewart was again brought forward for governor in 1873, and managed to increase the vote to its highest point—17,278. In 1874 it fell off to 7,815 with J. R. Buchtell, of Akron, the candidate.

In the famous Hayes and Allen campaign in 1875, J. Odell was nominated for governor, and his vote was even less, being but 2,593, and this time out of a total of 592,709, which was the largest ever cast in the history of Ohio, up to that time. In 1876 the Prohibition party almost went out of existence the following year, when E. S. Chapman was at the head of the ticket. He was given 1,863 votes out of a total vote of 630,839. In the Presidential year even this vote was diminished by Green Clay Smith, who, of the total vote canvassed in the state, was awarded with 1,636 votes, which was much less than the vote given Peter Cooper, the Greenback candidate.

Henry A. Thompson was Prohibition candidate for governor in 1877, the year in which Governor Bishop defeated West, and when there were five candidates before the people. There was a slight increase this year, and Thompson received 4,836 votes. This proportion of increase was kept up in 1878, when J. N. Robinson received 5,682 votes, which was more than was given the following year to Gideon T. Stewart, the candidate for governor against Foster, Ewing and Sanders Piatt. Stewart's vote was 4,145, much less than he received in 1878.

Wm. H. Doan was remarkably successful in cutting down the Prohibition vote in 1880, receiving 2,815 votes, with the Greenback candidate receiving almost three times as many, this, too, out of a total of 716,186, which at that time was the largest ever canvassed in Ohio. It might be noted here the remarkable fact that in years when the total vote has been very large, the Prohibition vote has been extremely small. In November, 1880, James Neil Dow, presidential candidate, fell behind Doan 2,316 votes.

The famous Cider Mill campaign of 1881 when A. R. Bookwalter drew unto himself the dissatisfied Democratic voters who were opposed to Ludlow, and received 16,597 votes, which was more than had been canvassed on the Prohibition ticket for five years preceding, combined. Brother Schumacker came to the front again in 1882 and was awarded with 12,202 votes, which so encouraged him, that in 1883 he was the nomination for governor, and fell behind about 4,000 votes, in a total vote of 721,310.

E. J. Morris, of Hamilton county, was a Prohibition candidate for Secretary of State in 1884, and in October of that year was given 4,607, out of a total of 785,691. In November of that year St. John, Presidential candidate, made an increase over the vote of Morris, receiving 11,069. Anda B. Leonard was the most energetic candidate the Prohibition party ever had. He managed to send the vote far beyond the usual limit on the head of the ticket, with a vote of 28,081 out of a total of 723,467.

THE POSSIBLE FEATURE OF THE PROHIBITION cause in Ohio this year has been prematurely developed. In a conversation with several leading gentlemen of the party delegation at this convention, Rev. F. R. Crooks, of Coaldom, O., remarked last evening:

It is the purpose of our party to present the platform, while made with the endorsement of the Ohio workmen, we propose to take such a position against monopolies as is favorable to proper arbitration between employer and employees, with a view to support such candidates as many laboring votes, who are not in sympathy with the exact declinations of the Union Labor party it seems.

LAND REFORM.

I asked Mr. Brooks if he expected a convention like this, made up of farmers and professional people, to endorse in their platform the land-confiscation vagaries of the labor platform, he replied:

"No, for myself I do not, and I do not think the convention nor the Prohibition party of Ohio would endorse any such idea—It certainly can not be expected from the farmers, and besides it is very evident we can not expect the support of the laboring men, in fact we do not expect it."

Mr. Crooks comes from the mining locality, and he expressed the opinion that he thinks that the miners will largely endorse many of the prohibition candidates on local tickets. There has been, as well there may be, considerable anxiety among the Republicans about carrying the next legislature. Such a coalition between the labor and prohibition parties might result rather unfavorably in many sections. It is not difficut to see that the prohibition idea that they are to stand in with the labor party and attempt to secure the balance of power in the Assembly and thereby to a great extent control the making of the laws, etc.

Of course such a combination would be of little consequence in Hamilton county, where there is no sympathy between the prohibitionists and the great class of laboring men in the Over-the-Rhine districts, but it would be felt mostly in small towns of the state and close county precincts.

In Jackson county, from which Mr. Crooks is a delegate, the labor party has endorsed the prohibition party for the House, and this is only the beginning. To a great extent this scheme now developed for the first time, shows why there is not more activity and interest in the state ticket.

The Prohibitionists are well aware that there is hope in the legislature, and thus desiring the defeat of the Republicans. They realize that a Republican legislature will do nothing beyond what has been done with the Dow law. The result of such a combination between the labor party vote and the Prohibitionists, would be in many cases to elect a Democratic candidate to the assembly. The Prohibitionists understand this perfectly well, and it is their object. If they cannot themselves carry the state, they want the Democrats to carry it, and they will assist in doing so.

And yet there are a great many members of this so-called third party who have never recovered from their Republicanism, and who would be willing to return to the Republican party should it manifest the intention to oppress the liquor policy on the ticket.

There is a number of active delegates at this convention, who have expressed their desire to return to the Republican party when it should abolish the saloon policy, as is so earnestly recorded by the New York *Tribune*.

One of the best young men in the state, and a former Democrat, is J. Phil Maloney, of this city. He has been elected to several county offices by Democrats here, and is now a Prohibition candidate for representative.

He seems to have attended to his Democratic positions in a very satisfactory manner. Yesterday he told me that whenever the Republicans took a straightforward and determined stand against the liquor-dealing element, he would gladly vote the Republican ticket.

Such expressions as this are not uncommon, and is much more significant when made by Prohibitionists who have formerly been Democrats.

Almost every member of this convention realizes that the policy of the Democratic press, while it has been very pleasant, at the same time it is anything but satisfactory in results.

THE PLATFORM.

Just what the platform contains can not be ascertained. This always remains with the members of the platform committee to determine. Two years ago the woman suffrage plank was prominent, which was demanded with great zeal by the Womans' Christian Temperance Union. Most of the male Prohibitionists were opposed to such a plank, and it has been generally defeated, and especially as the female members of the delegation had no votes.

But there is a demand for such a plank this year, which may be more successful, as in Northern Ohio several Republican candidates for the legislature have carried the field where in small towns they were in favor of woman suffrage. The proposition is certainly popular in temperance localities of Ohio, the more because the temperance sentiment is maintained by female temperance organizations.

SILENT ON THE REBEL FLAG ORDER.

In a general conversation I had with several delegates last evening, with reference to the rebel flag sensation, an opinion prevails that the platform had best keep silent about it, and perhaps it will.

There is a numbdr of ex-soldiers here belonging to the organization, but there are no deligates among them. Mr. Crooks, of Jackson county, spoke of the sensation which has been made over Cleveland's order, and said he did not care to commit himself by any reference to it in the platform, and he added that it was a mistake of Cleveland to issue the order, and that Cleveland was to blame for it. He did not think it best to compliment or criticise Cleveland, or to take any action that would reflect upon the trouble, which means that the Prohibition party is afraid of offending the Confederacy.

ST. JOHN TALKS.

Soldiers Indignant at the Failure to Take Action on the Rebel Flag Order.

DELAWARE, June 29.—(Special.)—Last night St. John, who still remains the apostle of the party, held forth to a crowded opera-house in about the same old strain, concluding with an appeal to the delegates before him to support a candidate for governor who would denounce every law which recognized the existence of the liquor traffic.

This was a square blow at the Dow liquor tax law, and the third party people cheered it. The temperance people did not.

There were also speeches last night by Chairman Finch, of the National committee, and lesser lights of the party.

St. John is an able talker, and remains quite as vindictive against Blaine and the Republican party as he was in 1884, when he was accused of an effort to sell out for $250,000.

St. John was asked about high license and its probable effort upon the party he represented. He declared that it was decided failure in Ohio, up to that time. In the Prohibition platform almost went out of existence the following year, when E. S. Chapman was at the head of the ticket. He was given 1,863 votes out of a total vote of 630,839. In the Presidential year even this vote was diminished by Green Clay Smith, who, of the total vote canvassed in the state, was awarded with 1,636 votes, which was much less than the vote given Peter Cooper, the Greenback candidate.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Maria Halpin has been married again; this time to the uncle of her former husband.

Secretary Whitney has invited all of the employes of the navy department to spend the Fourth of July at Grasslands, his country place, near Washington.

Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, has thanked the people of Dublin for the loyal addresses presented to him on the occasion of the visit of himself and his brother George to the city.

A new and elaborate railroad train intended for carrying sick and wounded with greater comfort has been experimented with by French military officials, the train being run to Havre and back.

Mr. D. H. Bates, president and general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph company, declares there is no truth in the rumors current in Wall street that the Baltimore & Ohio lines have been sold to the Western Union.

A report has been received at the navy department from Lieut. Commander Newell, of the Pinta, stating that matters are quiet in Alaska. No reference is made in the report to the seal fisheries.

The arbitration in the great lockout in the building trades has commenced in Chicago. The last arbitrators discussed the general situation at some length, but could not agree on the third arbitrator.

It is stated at the White House that the President has decided to attend the centennial celebration at Clinton, N. Y., on the 18th prox., but beyond that he has not yet completed his arrangements for the summer.

The Americans in Glasgow celebrated the fourth of July by a meeting and luncheon in the Cobden hotel. Dr. Fisk presided. He said that all Americans were in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy. Mr. Rickman also made an address.

The consolidation of internal revenue districts, whereby 22 districts are merged into others, has been consummated. Telegrams were received by Commissioner Miller announcing that all collectors had filed their bonds, and had completed the transfers of the offices.

The mercantile agency of R. J. Dun & Co. reports that the first half of 1887 failures in the United States were 4,012, against 3,156 for the first half of the previous year. While there is a marked decrease in the number of failures the liabilities show a slight increase.

No testimony has yet been sent to the clerk of the House of Representatives in the contested election case of Yoder vs. Carlisle. The House committee on Elections, when appointed, will have power to take up the case, but as none of the legal preliminaries have been complied with, it is thought by some that the contest will not be pushed.

After three hours of heated discussion the Chicago Master Masons' association decided to arbitrate with the bricklayers. An arbitration committee of five was appointed. The action, however, was virtually nullified by giving the committee power to settle the strike only on the basis of the code of principles of the national association of builders.

At the Yale alumni meeting Hon. Edward Pierrepont, ex-United States Minister to England, expressed the opinion that the course laid down by Yale was too extensive in its requirements for the average man. Those who intend to become teachers, professors, and eminent scholars, should be encouraged to take a full course, but a student who is looking forward to a life struggle in a busy world should be allowed to pursue a shorter route and get at his life work sooner.

The President has acted upon applications for pardons of a number of convicted criminals. The most important case was that of Thomas Ballard, a notorious counterfeiter, who was sentenced January 21, 1875, to thirty years' imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary for engraving and having in his possession counterfeit plates, notes, etc. The President granted him a pardon. Four others were pardoned.

OUR FINANCES.

Statement from the Government at the Close of the Fiscal Year.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement just issued:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,800,600
Three per cent	19,716,500
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	175,250
Sinking fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,086,315,862
Interest	12,351,603
Total	$1,098,667,465

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 6,115,165
Interest	190,753
Total	$ 6,305,913

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,146
Certificates of deposit	8,770,000
Gold certificates	91,225,437
Silver certificates	142,118,017
Fractional currency, less $8,375,994, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,946,964
Principal	$ 595,798,564

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,688,229,591
Interest	12,542,357
Total	$1,700,771,948

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 280,489,842
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 380,489,842
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,320,202,106

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury	$40,853,869
Debt less cash in the treasury July 1, 1887	$1,279,428,737
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1887	1,296,281,462
Decrease of debt during month	16,852,725
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1886	109,707,646

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 91,222,437
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	142,118,017
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	8,770,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	18,657,522
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	19,716,500
Fractional currency	2,366
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 280,489,842

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 26,977,493
Minor coin	116,698
Total	$ 27,094,192
Certificates held as cash	33,896,513
Net cash balance on hand	40,853,369
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$ 482,433,917

POWDERLY'S WORDS.

Stop Pauper Emigration—No Use for McGlynn and His Land Views.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—[Special wire.]—General Master Workman Powderly yesterday detailed facts concerning child labor, gleaned from his long residence in the coal regions. He showed how the children, whose education was neglected, as they grew into manhood, would naturally gravitate into the Knights of Labor, ignorant, illiterate and devoid of intelligence. He said:

These are the men that the Knights of Labor have to deal with, and if possible mold into something better.

Men who cannot read when charges of corruption are made can be led hither and thither by any one who may be an enemy of the official simply because they cannot add up a column of figures. The ignorance of many of the Knights is what causes much of the trouble in locals, but it does not end there. It makes the men the tool of the unscrupulous demagogue and places him under the influence that will bring about a state of affairs worse than anarchy.

Mr. Powderly's face brightened with hope, but it darkened again as he said:

But there is one question that the American people must take up that greatly concerns the workingman. It is, or will become, the burning question of the day—an issue which will excel all others in importance. And that question is the problem of the great unceasing flood of immigration from old Europe. I am utterly opposed to all forms of pauper emigration and to a great deal of emigration pure and simple.

I think a halt should be called on emigration until this nation can consider what it is doing in allowing the nationalities to enter here and become a burden on our country and a menace to the American home. As a ruling to decide who should be excluded I would make it almost an inflexible rule that a man or woman who could not sustain himself or herself and their respective families for one year should not be allowed to land.

Mr. Powderly refused to say anything concerning the statement that Dr. McGlynn intends to join the Knights of Labor. The position of the general board would probably prevent such an addition to their membership. Mr. Powderly and all the conservative Knights are opposed to using the order to further any Socialistic, Communistic or land theories.

They hold, as has been clearly evident in recent utterances by Mr. Powderly, that the mission of the Knights is to legislate for the best interests of the average, common sense American workman, free from all social revolutionary ideas. While Dr. McGlynn will not be refused admittance, it is clearly understood that if he should attempt to raise a party within a party the general board would speak and act with decision and emphasis.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

A Satisfactory Business, But the Usual Speculative Uncertainty.

NEW YORK, July 2.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say the week has been one of satisfactory business for the season, but of unusual disturbance in speculation. Liquidation reached the stock market a week ago. Even while this review was being written, sharp attacks began. Recovery was especially rapid, but there is hesitation in prices this week, notwithstanding. Very favorable reports of earnings indicates that prices of liquidation may not in all directions have been completed. At their lowest stocks were down to a level of January last, as their highest in May had accurately corresponded with their highest average before the break in December.

The corner in June wheat at New York has succeeded as completely as the Chicago corner failed, and the prices made have been so palpably artificial that June delivery sold on the last day of the month 22½ cents above the same grade for July. Nominally, cash wheat fell 21 cents on Friday, though actual prices for user uses than settlement of speculative contracts was not above 85½ cents on Thursday and 85½ cents on Friday.

The June exports have been large, but the stock carried over to the new crop of the year will not fall much below 50,000,000 in excess of the minimum, and crop reports are generally favorable, though the prolonged drouths in some parts of the Northwest causes apprehension, and may lessen the yield.

From Indiana and some other points come reports that the real estate excitement has abated, though prices are maintained, large sums are being expended in building. It was estimated some weeks ago, from returns at New York, where the proportion of new buildings in five months has been 4.41 per cent. to the assessed valuation of real estate, that the sum thus invested throughout the country must be very large. Official returns for five months from thirty-five cities of all sizes and in various parts of the country, now show that the value of new buildings in that line was 4.12 per cent. of the assessed valuation of all real estate therein in 1886, and transfers of property 8 per cent. at all points, against 14 per cent. in New York. These figures would point to an expenditure in building of $1,000,000,000, if the same activity should last through the year, and to transfers of $2,300,000,000. It need not be added that a reaction and diminished activity in this direction are naturally to be expected.

Available has been turned into fixed capital, largely in railroad buildings, though the returns disappoint those who expected larger mileage completed this year than in 1882. So far the mileage is 500 above that of last year to date, but about 500 miles below completed work to date in 1886, 1881 or 1883, and 2,500 below the record of 1882. May and June returns exceed last year's but little, but new securities listed at the stock exchange this year already exceed $132,000,000 stock and $133,000,000 bonds, which in part accounts for the hesitation in prices.

General reports are almost, without exception, satisfactory, trade being good for this time of the year. Collections are fair, or better, and money is in reasonable supply at all interior points. The disasters at Chicago and Cincinnati seem to have had little effect elsewhere.

A most encouraging feature is the settlement as to wages in the iron manufacture on a 10 per cent. advance, and the closing of the builders' strike at Chicago, the shoemakers' strike in Massachusetts, and the ore handlers' strike at Cleveland. The coke strike will keep some furnaces idle, and the stocks of iron west of the mountains are thought to have fallen from 194,078 tons, May 1, to 150,000 tons. An advance in August is hoped for and old rails have risen the past week.

The coal output for the half year will exceed by 1,500 tons the largest previous output, and an advance in prices is generally predicted. In most of the other branches of trade the condition is reported satisfactory for the season.

Monetary anxieties continue however. The bank surplus has never been so low at this time of any previous year, and the treasury has taken in $1,800,000, while putting out $1,400,000 in currency. The heavy withdrawal of bank bonds ever reported on a single day naturally attends the maturing of the last call for three per cents., and treasury officials are disappointed because new deposits for circulation reach only $1,000,000. The one open supply of money is the London market, but recent events caused some sales of stocks by foreign account, and merchandise exports from New York fall eight per cent. below, while imports rise sixteen per cent. above those of last year for June.

Business failures during the last seven days number: For the United States, 155; for Canada, 26; total, 181. Compared with 197 last week, and for the corresponding week last year, 179.

THE GREAT DUMP-GROUND.

Senator Cullom Takes Up the Question of Immigration.

SAYBROOKE, Ill., July 5.—[Special wire.]—Senator Cullom delivered the Fourth of July oration here before a large audience. On coming down to the questions of the present, he said in part:

This country has been called the land of the free and the asylum of the oppressed. So it has been, so it is now; but it is not, and should not be allowed, to be the dumping grounds for all the paupers and criminals of other lands.

The time has come when the bars of our country should be put up and fastened against such imposition. It should have been done before now. We invite to our shores with honest purposes to be law-abiding citizens, who can care for themselves and will labor for the upbuilding of good government. But we have no place for fugitives from justice, for dynamiters, or lawless classes of any character.

We talk about protection of human industry and home labor, yet home labor, either native or naturalized, cannot be protected while the gates of our ports of entry are opened wide to the tens of thousands of paupers that flock here by other countries to lighten their own burdens. Immigration should not be stopped, but it should be regulated, and so regulated that the eighteen million persons now in this country engaged in gainful occupations should not be thrown out of employment or forced to accept wages which will not support them and their families and give them a fair chance in the race of life.

One of the great problems of the day is the labor problem. It is not a party question, it is a problem demanding the greatest wisdom and the highest statesmanship. Every laboring man should have his reasonable share of the profits of that labor, and the questions arising between employer and employed, between labor and capital, be adjusted on the basis of right.

The condition that has existed for the last few years should not be allowed to continue, if it can be avoided by any legislative, executive or judicial action, or by all combined. There can be found a remedy for existing evils.

Men must live and they must let live, and if employer and employed would feel the force of the obligation that rests upon each, there would be less friction and more profit to all concerned. The people of the country ought not to be taxed more than the needs of the government require to meet its obligations.

The senator also gave his views upon the inter-state commerce law, much in the same form as before the Grain Dealers' association last week, and sent out in these dispatches.

GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR.

Silent on Prohibition, but Will Keep the Blacks Out of White Schools.

ATLANTA, July 5.—There are several features of the message which Governor Gordon will send to the legislature to-morrow likely to attract national attention, and none more so than he attitude he purposes to take in regard to the Atlanta university.

This institution is for colored students, but is taught by white professors who mix in their own children with the negroes. Governor Gordon's idea is to give the state aid of $8,000 per annum to a purely negro university taught by professors, thus cutting off the offending whites.

The governor renews his plea that the convict leases be abolished and that the convicts be put upon the public works. He declares the agitation for the payment of the republican bonds to be mischievous, in that the barriers in the way of payment are insurmountable.

He will call attention to the barbarous condition of the prisons throughout the state, and will urge more humane treatment of the prisoners. Upon the question of prohibition, which just now supplants Democracy, he will be strangely silent.

There is a strong effort being made to get him to insert a recommendation for more extended annuities to ex-confederate soldiers under the guise of artificial limbs, the idea being to give the commutation for such articles to the soldiers direct.

THE FOURTH IN LONDON.

James G. Blaine Responds to Toast—Many Americans Present.

LONDON, July 5.—A reception in honor of the day was held at Grosvenor gallery, and among the guests were Mr. Blaine, Consul General Waller, Minister Phelps, Col. Cody, Mrs. Brown Potter, Henry Irving, Miss Terry and Messrs. Woodall, Flower, Reed, Patrick O'Brien, Justin McCarthy and members of parliament.

Mr. Phelps proposed: "The Fourth—No country to Americans like home." It was responded to by Mr. Blaine, who said: The United States is the only country with a known birthday—all the rest began, they know not how, and grew into power, they know not how. There is no Republican, no Democrat to-day—all are Americans.

CROPS AND WEATHER

How They Grew the Past Week and Under What Conditions.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The weekly weather crop bulletin from the signal office says:

Temperature.—Temperature has been slightly warmer than usual in the northern states, with average daily excess generally less than two degrees, while throughout the southern states the average daily temperature ranged from three to seven degrees below the normal. Throughout the cotton belt during the week the daily average was five degrees cooler than usual. The average daily temperature for the season from January 1 to July 2, 1887, differs less than one degree from the normal in all the agricultural districts, except the southern states, where the thermal excess previously reported in cotton region has been slightly reduced and the deficiency on south Atlantic coast slightly augmented.

The rainfall has been slightly in excess in the greater portion of the cotton region, generally from Mississippi river westward over the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. A large excess for the week, ranging from three to ten inches is reported from Southern Georgia, thence westward to Texas. There has been almost daily rainfall in the Mississippi Valley from the Gulf states to Wisconsin and Minnesota, thus ending the drouth previously existing in portions of the upper Mississippi Valley.

For the Michigan and Ohio valley eastward to the coast there was less rain than usual for the week, the deficiency being about one inch.

Weather has been favorable for harvesting wheat and hay, from the lake region and Ohio valley eastward to the coast, while in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys showers delayed harvesting. Weather has been especially favorable in the corn regions, and recent rains have extended over the greater portion of the corn belt. Excellent growing weather is reported from New England and the Middle Atlantic states, where a large hay crop has been secured.

The Cotton Crop.

MEMPHIS, July 5.—The regular monthly cotton crop report of the Memphis district, which embraces West Tennessee, West Missouri, North Arkansas and North Alabama, says: Weather during June in the main has been favorable for cotton. Rain needed in many localities fell during the last three days of the month and copious showers have fallen throughout the district within the past four days.

The condition of the crops is not only more favorable than last year, but is on an average fully two weeks earlier. This is a most promising outlook for cotton. Corn, however, in many sections suffered from drouth, but indications are that a full average crop will be raised, which is more than will be needed for use within the district, and considerably in excess of last year.

The Farmers Review.

CHICAGO, July 5.—The crop summary in the *Farmers Review* says: Reports on the yield of the winter wheat crop now coming in corroborate our previous statements as to the shortage that might be expected. Missouri's lead in the average is followed by Illinois, while other states follow in the following relative positions: Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kansas, where chinch bugs have done very serious damage.

Reports on average yield of winter wheat harvest are just beginning to come in. Twelve counties in Illinois report an average of seventeen bushels, nine counties in Indiana place the average at fourteen bushels, seven counties in Michigan claim an average yield of fifteen bushels, eleven counties in Ohio show a yield of thirteen bushels, while the yield in twelve Missouri counties is eighteen bushels, five counties in Kentucky yield sixteen bushels. In Kansas nine counties have an average yield of seven bushels, while seven counties in Illinois complain of damage by drouth, and like complaints from six counties in Indiana. Thirteen Kansas counties report damage from insects and drouth.

Rain is needed in Kentucky and Wisconsin. Six Missouri counties complain of damage by drouth.

The condition of spring wheat is as follows: Seventeen counties in Iowa average 74 per cent.; thirteen counties in Minnesota, 75 per cent.; eleven counties in Nebraska report an average of 86 per cent. The same number in Dakota place it at 89 per cent. The hay crop is light and pastures nearly everywhere dry. Prospects for apples in the West are fair to middling. In many places fruit is dropping from trees.

PICKETT'S MEN.

The Blue and the Gray on the Battlefield at Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, July 5.—Gettysburg presented an animated scene during Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Houses were decorated with flags, evergreens and bunting and the streets were brilliantly illuminated. The place was thronged with thousands of people. During the days visitors arrived on all trains. When the Philadelphia brigade arrived with five thousand, the hotels and boarding houses were overflowed and quarters were as hard to find as they were 24 years ago.

Mrs. Gen. Pickett arrived accompanied by her son, and was at once driven to Spring's hotel. After securing quarters, the Philadelphia brigade, escorted by the Grand Army band, of Gettysburg, marched to the Harrisburg depot to receive their guests. Ringing cheer from the Philadelphia brigade were promptly and heartily answered by the well-known rebel yell, and announcing that Pickett's men had arrived.

Two hundred of Pickett's veterans marched out and surrendered themselves to the hospitalities of their friends.

Confederates, who were armed with rockets, discharged them as they marched along, proudly bearing the stars and stripes in their midst, the only flag in line, and responded heartily to the greetings with their peculiar battle yell, so well-known here, to the great delight of the assembled crowds.

When the procession reached the center of the Square the Union and Confederate lines were drawn up facing each other. The Confederates stepped forward, saying: "Here we are once more together. Let us shake hands. Let us trade coffee."

Speeches were made by men North and South, and touching letters of regret were read from leading men in the country. The affair closed a grand success.

MILLIONS OF WHEAT.

Speculation as to the Part the Northwest will Play This and Next Month.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 1.—There are yet some 3,500,000 bushels of wheat in store on the lines of the Manitoba and Northern Pacific roads in Minnesota and Dakota, outside of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. About half of it belongs to Minneapolis millers, the remainder to a few elevator companies.

That wheat is sold for August delivery to some extent at Duluth and Chicago, and is held in the country for carrying charges. The whole of it will come out in July and August and be delivered at Minneapolis.

If the price is shoved up, then the sales would be filled at Duluth and Chicago by buying the option back, and the wheat then be sold in Minneapolis and shipped to millers there. Country elevators will have to be cleared in August to give room for handling the new crop.

Small lots of wheat in the country are much less common at this season of the year, both in Minnesota and Dakota. That is true of both grain dealers' and farmers' holdings. Farmers sold out the old stock freely on the strength of a prospective good crop, and grain dealers on the corner prices.

In the older sections a great deal of wheat had been carried over in late preceding years. Farmers carrying it forward made nothing by it and this season they have done the opposite. The granaries are comparatively empty.

There is but little wheat in store southwest of the Manitoba lines. The prospect is that stocks in the Northwest will be lower than at the beginning of a new crop in several years.

STRANGE SUICIDE.

The Handsome Wife of a New York Broker Takes Her Own Life.

HALIFAX, N. S. July 1.—[Special wire.]—Mrs. Walford, wife of Robert Walford, a ship-broker of New York, shot herself through the heart and instantly killed herself in her room in the Queen hotel at 10 o'clock last night. She was a handsome woman of 32 and the mother of two beautiful daughters, 11 and 13 years old, respectively. She had plenty of money and was acquainted here.

She spent last summer and part of the winter at Halifax and Chester, and came back again two weeks ago. She was alone on both occasions, and had very few gentlemen acquaintances. A mystery surrounds her motive for taking her life. She did not call on the friends she made last summer, and merely bowed to them on the street on returning this time.

Many rumors are afloat, but nothing definite is known. She had her supper sent to her room last night, but did not eat it. She undressed, sat in a chair, and precisely at 10 o'clock sent a bullet through her heart. There was not a line of correspondence or anything to throw any light on the mystery. On an empty envelope left on the bureau was written, "Mr. Robert Walford, No. 51 South St., New York."

The door of her room was unlocked. The revolver was a new one.

THE COMMONERS.

Assembled in State Convention at Columbus—Organization.

COLUMBUS, July 5.—(Special.)—The state convention of the Union Labor party was auspiciously opened at the City hall yesterday afternoon. It was a favorable gathering and spoke well for the efforts of the party to put in the field an independent labor ticket. About 400 persons, including delegates and visitors, were present and the convention was a spirited one from the beginning.

Some of the prominent workers of the state are in attendance, among whom may be mentioned Charles Jenkins, state organizer and a member of the national committee of the Union Labor party, of Snodes, Mahoning county; Hon. William Baker, Newark; J. M Bloomer, Toledo; W. H. Stevenson, J. W. Schrage, C. C. Cosiner, and A. W. Brooks, of Cincinnati. There was also one colored delegate, R. F. Weaver, from Athens county. The rural districts were not largely represented, several of them having no delegates. The Hamilton county delegation was the largest, being almost one-half of the entire number present.

J. W. Schrage, of Cincinnati, was made temporary chairman, and E. A. Weir, secretary, and the following committees appointed:

Grain Gamblers and Speculative Syndicates Must Pack Up and Move.

COLUMBUS, O., July 5.—(Special.)—The Labor convention was called to order at 8 o'clock; John Seitz, of Seneca, the chairman, has been a frequent Greenback candidate for governor. He made a speech of some length which capitivated th convention completely.

The platform was then presentee and adopted as follows:

It declared, among other things, that the natural agencies of production and distribution are seized by syndicates of speculators and gamblers to whom every productive industry in the land is compelled to pay tribute.

Laws are enacted in the special interest of combinations of aggregated wealth to the detriment of both producer and consumer.

It demanded laws against the employment of bribery, force, or intimidation to secure nominations or elections, and free drinks or lunch at saloons shall be declared bribery by statute.

That all banks shall be required to give security to the state for the average amount of their deposits.

That speculation in the necessaries of life, "cornering" the market and dealing in "margins" and "futures," are ruinous to legitimate business and highly demoralizing.

They denounce the courts of Ohio for failing to enforce the laws declaring such acts criminal offences.

All discriminations, they claim, by employers against lawful associations of employes to secure their rights, violate the constitutional rights of the citizens.

The Commoners Put a Complete Ticket in the Field.

COLUMBUS, July 5.—(Special.)—The platform was adopted with cheers and then the nomination of a ticket was soon made. For governor, John Seitz of Seneca, was nominated by acclamation. He is a Greenbacker as is well known, but he is against Prohibition and that is the style of candidate wanted this year, in response to the declarations in favor of labor by the late convention at Delaware.

MOUNT HOOD ILLUMINATED.

A Novel Fourth of July Celebration by People in Oregon.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 5.—For the fourth of July celebration yesterday, Portland undertook and successfully carried out an unprecedented feat in the way of fireworks. It was no less than the illumination of the summit of Mount Hood, the lofty snow-covered peak in Oregon, 12,720 feet high.

This was done at exactly half-past eleven last night, and the light was plainly seen in this city, a distance of 51 miles in a straight line. The illuminating agent was 100 pounds of ordinary red fire. The task was accomplished by William G. Steel, a local explorer of some notice, assisted by Messrs. Farnham, of the *Oregonian* staff, and five others.

The party left here Friday morning last and camped Saturday night at the snow line. From there to the summit the journey was made on foot, over the soft snow, and in some places hard ice, and in others where steps must be cut with hatchets, and two dangerous crevices must be crossed.

Besides, two of the party had each to carry 20 pounds of red fire in addition to the blankets. The arrangement, when they left here, was for two of the party to remain on the summit all night in order to touch off the fire.

This, of course, they must have done and it is the first time that a human being spent the night on the summit of the mountain. The illumination was also seen in Eastern Oregon, a distance of 75 miles. The party began the descent of the mountain this morning.

POWDERLY'S FOURTH.

A Dollar for Education Better Than a Million for Armor-Plate.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 5.—Fifteen thousand persons assembled the Fourth of July celebration in Court-house square last night. Mr. Powderly made an eloquent speech, in which he dwelt forcibly on the importance of the people inculcating into the minds of their children the great lessons of Independence day.

He said that a dollar spent for education was better than a million for armor plate, and that if he had one or less the people of America should give their attention to the question of immigration.

He thought immigration, under certain conditions, a good thing, but seemed to think there was altogether too much of it of an indiscriminate sort for the good of labor. If he had his way he would see to it that every immigrant should be able to show that he was self-supporting for one year before landing on these shores.

WHITNEY'S SCHEMES.

His Latest Attempt to Evade the Civil Service Act.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Secretary Whitney has originated a scheme by which he hopes to be able to get rid of a number of the Republicans who are still employed at the different navy yards of the country, and the same is to be immediately put into operation.

A number of bureaus at each yard will be consolidated, and a Democrat of unquestioned party fealty put at the head. Then all the high salaried Republicans still filling positions are to be reduced in pay, those now receiving $1,600, for instance, being reduced to $720.

It is the hope that the men reduced will resign rather than work at the low salary, in which event Democrats will be put into their places at the old salaries. There is no law for the reduction, it being made solely on the authority of the secretary himself.

Another thing that Secretary Whitney proposes is to have at least one of the new vessels for the navy constructed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but the castings for them can not be got ready for another twelve months, the motive for building the ship at this Brooklyn yard appears.

Cleveland carried the state of New York in 1884 by a plurality of only 1,084 votes. That plurality, it is contended, would have been wiped out if the Mugwump postmaster of New York city had allowed the letter-carriers and other postoffice employes an opportunity to go to the polls and vote.

It can be understood how important a very few hundred votes become at times. By filling the navy yard at Brooklyn during the campaign with men who will be forced to vote as the management desires, under pain of dismissal on a failure to do so, it is hoped to secure a Democratic majority and make up for any dissatisfaction that may exist within the party ranks.

MISS VAN LEW.

She is Reduced in Salary to Make Room at the Top for Those Not Loyal.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The removal of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew from the position of requisition clerk in the office of the third assistant postmaster general to-day and her appointment to a $720 place in the dead-letter office has excited as much comment nearly as the President's battleflag episode.

Miss Van Lew is a Virginian, who was loyal to the North during the war and for four years acted as a Union Spy, furnishing Gen. Grant and other Union generals information of great value. Gen. Grant's gratitude was so great he appointed her postmistress of Richmond, a position she held eight years.

Gen. Gresham appointed her to a $1,200 place in the Postoffice department, which has supported her until the present time. Her record as postmistress was excellent, and as a clerk she seems to be above reproach.

The President's attention was called to the matter to-day, and he has promised that the matter shall be fully investigated. Among the removals also was a Mrs. Stanton, sister-in-law of the war secretary.

The Burnside monument has been unveiled at Providence, R. I.

"BOODLE HOUSE" REPORTS.

Chicago Even More Corrupt, If Possible, Than New York City.

CHICAGO, July 2.—[Special wire.]—A correspondent at Mount Clemens, Mich., claims to have discovered there, yesterday, F. W. Bipper, the "boodle" contractor, whose disappearance from Chicago has been noted in these dispatches.

Bipper, the correspondent says, is accompanied by one or two mysterious-looking individuals, evidently detectives, who, it is thought, are taking him on a jaunt like that enjoyed by the other contractor, Nic Schneider.

Bipper was feeling loquacious, and talked freely with the reporter. He said he would tell all he knew, and will probably be on the stand in Judge Jamieson's court as soon as a jury can be secured. He does not wish to go to Joliet, and has been promised immunity if he testifies without reserve. He said:

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I could not get the deed to the land because of an injunction, and would not, of course, pay the $9,000. Then came the letting of the contracts, and McCarthy was afraid to trust me. I made a trade far the three contracts for $16,000 and paid the money and got them. I assessed the milkmen $2,500 each—that made $9,000; the bread put in $3,000, and I furnished $5,000 for the meat contract.

I paid $14,000 to Commissioner Leyden. He took it to the hospital and it was divided up there. The remainder was by myself given to individual commissioners. Now, that's the story. I could tell you of transactions of other years. I have myself paid over $40,000 for contracts. My! what money those commissioners did make. For a time they had a regular clearing-house, but I, until this last transaction, ignored the institution, and did business direct with the commissioners.

Every man holding a position under the board had to pay for it. A $900 fellow had to give up $200; that's the way it went.

How many were in the ring?

Seven was all. They could always get a cheap man on the outside to vote with them. It's a nasty mess. Ed. McDonald don't know anything about the Schneider business. McGarigle, in order to keep himself in power as warden of the county hospital, was forced to act as disbursing agent.

GRINNELL AT WORK.

The Whole Gang Who Have Been Plundering the City Will Go to Joliet.

CHICAGO, July 2.—[Special wire.]—State's Attorney Grinnell is preparing to descend upon the city boodlers, and the cases are in such shape that they may be started before the county matter is disposed of. It is now asserted that ex-Warden McGarigle stands ready to disclose what he knows, and he claims that he is in possession of facts which, if once made public in a court of law, would send from 20 to 25 of the city boodlers to Joliet. A report says:

It is claimed there was committed about every deal made, and is, perhaps, better posted on the inner workings of the corrupt city "gang" than any other man.

An article published says:

He can tell a most remarkable story, and if he chooses to unbosom himself completely he can give the exact sums of money paid by every corporation which has been granted rights or franchises of any sort, kind, or description by the city from July, 1884, up to April, 1887.

To-day, in a word, expose every corrupt deal entered into by members of the city council, officers of the police department, and other city officials between the dates mentioned. Astonishing as it may seem, however, Mr. Grinnell hesitated to accept this "snap," and for some other reason than that he thinks he can convict the whole gang of city boodlers without McGarigle's testimony.

He believes that the evidence in his possession is so strong and incontrovertible that he will be justified in dispensing with any information any of the boodlers might be willing to furnish, and the indictions are that the only "squealers" who will be called upon will be those who were literally driven into the various steals.

The principals will not escape by turning state's evidence. It is said that the investigation will be conducted by a special grand jury, as was the county boodle cases. The application for the special grand jury is to be made within the next three weeks, and it is anticipated that all the indictments will be returned before the end of the present month.

DESERT LANDS.

Rules Issued at Washington to Govern the Entry of Such.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The commissioner of the general land office, with the approval of the secretary of the interior, has issued to registers and receivers of United States land offices an amendatory circular governing proceedings to obtain title to public lands under the desert land law.

The following embodies substantially the amendatory provisions: "Lands bordering upon a stream, lakes or other natural borders of water, or through or upon which there is any river, stream, arroyo, lake, pond, body of water or living spring, are not subject to entry under the desert land law until the clearest proof of their desert character is furnished."

Lands containing sufficient moisture to produce a natural growth of trees, are not to be classed as desert lands. Applicants and witnesses must in all cases state their place of actual residence, their business or occupation, and their postoffice address.

It is not sufficient to name the county and state or territory where a party lives, but the town or city must be named.

The declaration and corroborating affidavits may be made before either the Register or Receiver of the Land district in which the lands are situated, or before the judge or clerk of a court of record of the county in which the lands are situated.

If the lands are in an organized county then the affidavit may be taken in the adjacent county. The deposition of applicant and witness in making final proof must be taken in precisely the same manner.

The affidavits of applicant and witnesses must in every instance, either of original application or final proof, be made at the same time and place, and before the same officer.

Surveys of desert land claims cannot be made in advance of the regular progress of the public surveys before final proofs shall be submitted by any person claiming to to enter lands under the desert land act.

Such person will be required to file a notice of intention to make such proof, which shall be published in the same manner as required in homestead and pre-emption cases.

When relinquishments of desert land entries are filed in the local land office, the entries will be cancelled by the Register and Receiver in the same manner as in homestead, pre-emption and timber culture classes.

CONCLAVE OF RABBIS.

The Jewish Church Preparing for an Important Meeting in Pittsburg Next Week.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 2.—The coming conclave of the Rabbis of the Jewish church of America, which will begin its deliberations in this city on Friday, July 8, will be one of the most important ever held in this country, and from the work already mapped out for action the results will undoubtedly have a lasting effect on the tenets of the followers of the Jewish faith in America.

It is expected there will be not less than 200 delegates in attendance, representing every state in the Union, and it will be represented by both the orthodox and reformed branches of the faith. Not only will the most eminent rabbis be here, but they will also be accompanied by the presidents and leading members of the largest congregations in the bigger cities.

Among the men who have risen to eminence, who are expected to take a leading part in moulding the work of the conference are Rabbies Wise, of Cincinnati; Hirsch and Sale, of Chicago, and Rabbi Adler, of this city. The chief work of the convention will be to endeavor to reconcile all existing differences between the Jewish congregations, and place them on the same level with regard to forms, ceremonies and observances.

MORE PARDONS.

The President Turning the Criminals Out to Pasture.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—[Special wire.]—The President has granted pardons in the following cases: John W. Tankisley, convicted in Kentucky of violating internal revenue laws, and sentenced in October, 1886, to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500. E. Backering, convicted in the United States court for the middle district of Tennessee of passing counterfeit money, and sentence postponed until July 6, 1887.

A pardon was granted in the case on the recommendation of the district attorney, on the ground that the money came into the convict's possession in the course of business, and that he paid it out not knowing its spurious character.

"BOODLE HOUSE" REPORTS.

Chicago Even More Corrupt, If Possible, Than New York City.

CHICAGO, July 2.—[Special wire.]—A correspondent at Mount Clemens, Mich., claims to have discovered there, yesterday, F. W. Bipper, the "boodle" contractor, whose disappearance from Chicago has been noted in these dispatches.

Bipper, the correspondent says, is accompanied by one or two mysterious-looking individuals, evidently detectives, who, it is thought, are taking him on a jaunt like that enjoyed by the other contractor, Nic Schneider.

Bipper was feeling loquacious, and talked freely with the reporter. He said he would tell all he knew, and will probably be on the stand in Judge Jamieson's court as soon as a jury can be secured. He does not wish to go to Joliet, and has been promised immunity if he testifies without reserve. He said:

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